

SATURDAY REVIEW

or

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,780, Vol. 68.

December 7, 1889.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

TRADE-UNION TYRANNY.

IT is possible that the parallel disputes between the South Metropolitan Gas Company and the Gas-Workers' Union and between the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers may serve to bring the "wages" question to a crisis. It is called the wages question by a figure of speech; but, in fact, it is in many cases a trial of strength between the employers of labour on one hand and the Union wirepullers on the other. If one wanted to define the disputes named accurately, it could not be better done than by saying that they are the very reverse of the kind of quarrel sketched by the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in his letter to the *Times* on the 5th of this month. This person ends by saying, with some unction, that the Society has "no objections to the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company or any other employer being masters of their own shops; but it will be a sorry day for Britain when the workmen of this country give up the right of combination with their fellows, and of the terms and conditions under which they will work and dispose of their own labour." We need not question the Secretary's grammar, since the meaning of his words is clear. It is, we allow, true that it would not necessarily be a good thing for the country if workmen ceased to exercise the right of combination, and became so incredibly careless as not to care on what terms they sold their labour. Nothing, that we can see, would be gained by the permanent fall of a large part of the population into a state of idiocy. Their work would suffer in every way, which would not be a good thing for the community. But, as a matter of fact, it is not this right which is in question, but quite another thing.

What the Gas-Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers are, in fact, fighting for is not the right of workmen to combine with their fellows and sell their work as they please, but the right of a couple of committees to dictate to a large body of workmen what terms they will accept. The Gas-Workers' Union threaten a strike because a thousand workers have made a contract with the South Metropolitan Gas Company. This Company, arguing, as we take it, that it is worth while paying something in order to secure a permanent body of workmen, has offered very good terms as to share in profits and hours of work to those of its men who will make a yearly agreement. It is not denied that the terms are good terms. In fact, a thousand men have already accepted them. The Union, however, sees, and we do not think it sees wrong, that the yearly engagement and all it implies will seriously diminish its power over the men. It has therefore announced that it will call its men out, and as far as it can will suspend the lighting of South London, unless the Company not only tears up its agreement, but dismisses the thousand "blacklegs" who have accepted it. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, again, does not like piece-work, and has announced that it also will call its men out unless this form of contract for labour is given up by the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company. It is not denied that many workmen are quite prepared to accept the Company's terms. Here, then, we have the wages dispute so-called in its crudest form. Two Unions are simply trying to dictate, not only to employers, but to a large body of workmen. It is to be noted that they talk of calling their men out much as a government might speak of summoning the Reservists. In all probability they are not exaggerating their powers. From recent experience it seems certain that the mass of workmen who belong to a Union have as completely forfeited their independence as the members of a secret society. They will obey their committee meekly, and will be prepared to intimidate those

workmen who do not choose to submit easily to the dictation of this or the other "executive." It is a state of mind not peculiar to workmen. Political parties which hand their conscience over to revered leaders are in much the same state. So are Secretaries for the Home Department who cannot see the organized intimidation which is as clear as the sun at noonday, in some parts of the world, or Chief Commissioners of Police, who think it consistent with their duty to wait for a riot before recognizing the possibility of rioting. It is all a part of the nerveless cowardice of the time which reduces the rank and file to the moral condition of sheep, and makes distinguished persons run about begging every one who is threatened to surrender for the sake of peace, and be fleeced to spare their neighbours annoyance. In business it leaves us at the mercy of little committees, whose general intellectual faculty may be judged of by the pert self-sufficiency and cockney smartness of the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. The thing will work its own remedy, as other follies do, after it has caused immense loss of capital to employers, immense loss of wages to the employed, and immense damage to the general interests of the nation.

MR. GLADSTONE AT MANCHESTER.

If there is ever an occasion when a certain disadvantage is felt by the controversialist who is unable to sink (in a rather felicitous phrase of the late Mr. MARK PATTISON'S) "below the level of average gentility and education," that occasion presents itself nowadays when Mr. GLADSTONE makes a "great" speech. The level of average gentility and education which we, at least, always endeavour to preserve enables us to expatiate upon that level in fancy, and to behold from its terrace in successive deeps a Tory Mr. LABOUCHER, a Dissenting-Liberal Sir WILLIAM HAROURT, and a pack of Mr. PARRELL'S Yahoos turned Conservative, each dealing after their manner with the discourses delivered in the Free Trade Hall during the earlier part of the present week. We, for our part, cannot attempt to imitate such a style of controversy; and one of the most famous tags of the French stage, that about the "irreparable outrage of years," may dispense us from further endeavouring to conciliate truth and courtesy. It is a simple fact that, as in the Southport speech the other day, so in the Manchester speeches of this week, the oratorical presentation of the matter has almost nothing that can remind the reader even of the Atrocity speeches of thirteen years ago, much less of the addresses which succeeded Mr. GLADSTONE'S "unmuzzling" ten or twelve years earlier. To generous antagonists it must always be painful to behold such a spectacle, and to conscientious ones it must always be difficult to expose the futility of the argument without dwelling on the shortcomings of the presentation. But the "dotages" of Mr. GLADSTONE (we are simply adapting the words of no less a person than DRYDEN on no less a person than JONSON) have got to be dealt with as gently as duty will permit, as thoroughly as duty may demand.

Let us in beginning pay a compliment to Mr. GLADSTONE. Even he had to confess, and did confess, that he and his followers had perforce abstained for the most part from hostile criticism of the foreign policy of the present Government. Even he, in paying, as in duty bound, a tribute to the support of the only London newspaper of repute which abides by him, said little or nothing about Crete. Mr. GLADSTONE is ill informed about foreign politics, and his judgment is worse than his information; but even he must know, and evidently does know, that if ever charges were hopelessly shattered, those of the *Daily News* Correspondent's against the Turks in Crete have been. He must know that whatever new

evidence may turn up, the furnishers of this particular evidence are discredited in the eyes of every judge of evidence in Europe as either sheer fabricators or else persons who do not know the meaning of words. And, accordingly, though he would doubtless have liked to say much, he said practically nothing. Of Armenia he could say something, because, as has been pointed out here over and over again, the conduct of the Turks in Armenia and towards Armenia has been foolish in the extreme. But as to anything else he said little or nothing, and this is of itself a pretty strong testimony that he had little or nothing to say. As to the bye-elections, we may be excused from commenting much upon that subject. Mr. GLADSTONE has anticipated the effect of his own words in a magazine article, and, as a matter of fact, both he and his followers know thoroughly well that no inference of the slightest value this way nor that can be drawn from bye-elections, or from municipal elections, or from anything of the kind. We do not say this ourselves in any kind of exultation; for the "incalculableness" of the constituencies is a serious evil. But incalculable they are, and the results of a general election to-morrow, next year, three years hence, will depend partly on the questions which happen at the moment to be before the electorate, and partly on the work done in each more or less immediately before the day of election.

The real, however, or at least the main, interest of a speech of Mr. GLADSTONE's on such an occasion as this is the interest of seeing how much further on the downward road he will go. As JOAN OF ARC, in the play which unnecessarily sensitive persons think is not SHAKSPEARE's, offers "to lop a member off and give it" to the demon who is backward in assisting her, so Mr. GLADSTONE has constantly to make some fresh sacrifice of the kind. On the present occasion the sacrifice was handsome. Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude towards Scotch and Welsh Disestablishment has always been particularly interesting to students of his political peculiarities. To a person of what are believed to be (if he has any left) Mr. GLADSTONE's conscientious ecclesiastical and religious beliefs, Disestablishment in Scotland can *per se* offer no terrors. The Established Church of Scotland cannot be, in Mr. GLADSTONE's eyes, the true Church of that country, even if it is a true Church at all. But, on the other hand, he had a very large number, and still has a certain number, of devoted adherents who hold that the "Kirk" is a true Church, and the true Church of Scotland. Hence many hesitations. As to Wales Mr. GLADSTONE's hesitations have been much more recent and interesting, and even more easily explicable. The Church in Wales is a true Church, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, and he knows perfectly well that neither the recent arguments for Scotch nor the old arguments for Irish Disestablishment apply to it in the very least. Not only is there no such flaw of title as was urged in each of the other cases, but there is no rival body which actually stands even as the Free Kirk in Scotland does, much less as the Roman Catholic persuasion in Ireland did, towards the Establishment. In Wales the question is one merely and purely of political bargain. "Will so many persons give me their 'votes if I yield, and withhold them if I am staunch?'" The calculations have satisfied Mr. GLADSTONE, and he has yielded. It is now time (though so short a time ago as the summer of this year it was not) "that Parliament should 'consider' whether it will pay the consideration necessary to keep the Welsh Nonconformists steady to Mr. GLADSTONE or whether it will not."

Yet Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have thought that this was all that could be expected from him. There was nothing about an Eight Hours Bill, nothing about the present meaning of Home Rule. The disappointment which his followers have in effect shown at his speeches, the apparent necessity which seems to have been felt for Sir WILLIAM HAROURT to "drop in" and (without, of course, the least expectation that he should be called upon to make a speech, or intention of making one) doing a little "rousing" to counteract the deadly lively effect of his great leader's eloquence, the elaborate artifice of Sir JAMES KITSON to get a cheer out of the name GLADSTONE in a new collocation:—all these things, little and great, show the real effect of these Manchester addresses. We do not undervalue the enemy. Mr. GLADSTONE has behind him a very considerable party which has gained in recklessness what it has lost in brains. He is almost finally disengaged from the necessity of addressing the reason of any of his followers, most of them not possessing that inconvenient faculty, while those who do have set it unreservedly at his disposal. He can

appeal to "predatory instincts," to the love of destruction, to the natural willingness of those who have axes to grind to lend a hand to turn the grindstone. He can still command much of that personal devotion which, like all personal devotions, is scarcely intelligible to those who do not feel it. But it must, we think, be unquestionable now, if it was at all questionable before, that he has lost much of the chief motive power of all his former successes—the irresistible rush of his discourse, and the inexhaustible ingenuity of his casuistry. The dreary *kyriele* about Mitchelstown and MANDEVILLE, KINSELLA and Killeagh, faintly refreshed with a little Father McFADDEN, does not show the ebbing of the tide of force less than the verbiage about the elections and the juggling with social questions, on which no decided sound was given, show the loss of ingenuity. It would have been exceedingly strange if it had not been so; for, after all, the outrage of years is irreparable. But in that case why display it unnecessarily? It is in a way, no doubt, a wonderful thing to see a man all but eighty years old, who, with whatever loss of energy, has still energy enough to promise the overthrow of some of the institutions of his country, and, with whatever loss of astuteness, has still astuteness enough to avoid committing himself to the overthrow of more than seems necessary for the immediate purpose. But whether the spectacle is as reverend as it is wonderful is a question to which it would be painful, and is fortunately unnecessary, to give the obvious answer.

JUMBIES.

A NEW and attractive field for cocoa-growing and psychical research is the pleasant isle of Grenada within the Spanish Main. "Such a place for *lougarou*, 'I'll never see again,'" the Researcher may cry, as this agreeable West Indian possession. Mr. HESKETH BELL has written an amusing and rather rambling book on the subject, named *Obeah* (SAMSON Low), and has collected modern and ancient instances of high curiosity. We need not linger over the primeval Grenadan method of protecting property by dint of magic and spells. This is the only method that keeps QUASHEE's hands from picking and stealing plantains, but this plan is of no use with Socialists, as yet. When they have brought the general level of intellect down to QUASHEE's standard, then tabu, and ghostly serpents, and bags full of every kind of bones and shells will recover their magical efficacy. It is only a question of waiting. The crude magic of the Obeah men and women chiefly depends on the old sympathetic theory, the belief in the essential qualities of accidental analogies. A good deal of darker business is done in poisons, which seem to grow thickly in every tropical forest. Obeah men do a roaring trade. A friend of Mr. BELL's, a French Catholic priest, once recovered a great deal of gold coin from a hiding-place in the thatch of a dead conjurer, and, with a reluctant heart, sent the money to the Government, as the wizard had no heirs. But far more interesting than the gross, palpable frauds and foolish spells of these magicians are the extraordinary things which, in the opinion of the whites, they can really do. Now the beliefs of even educated Europeans easily "go 'Fantee" when settlers have lived long in the society of a superstitious race. We cannot rely on them to keep clear of native follies; but, on the other hand, some of the legends of the whites have a certain historical curiosity. Mr. SAVAGE, an American minister, has opened a discussion on "Spiritualism" in the *Forum*, and tells a few anecdotes of personal experience which are odd enough, and others which may be pretty easily explained on obvious natural principles. The most interesting are those in which Mr. SAVAGE, as he believes, was present at queer vagaries on the part of furniture and other inanimate objects. These jumped about as if possessed; and the stories of similar performances by dint of Obeah form part of the same imposition, or of similar phenomena. Mr. BELL's Catholic priest is responsible for the following example, though his anecdote, like "what the soldier said," is not evidence. He was sent by the Archbishop of Trinidad to take a parish in the interior of the island, and he was obliged to lodge in a small cottage, with an old Obeah woman and her little girl. It was hoped that he would, at least, make the old woman go to church. That was not exactly what happened. The lady lived in the "but" of the house, the priest in the "ben," and she could only come out into the open

air by way of a door leading into the room of the holy man. Her own room was crowded with heavy articles of Creole furniture, such as "a tremendous four-poster and a portentous mahogany wardrobe." The priest went to bed on the first night of his tenancy, but was disturbed by a droning incantation which the witch kept chanting in her own room. At last he fell asleep; he slept well, rose, dressed, and never heard a sound from the old woman's room. A chair which he had set against her door was *in situ*; he knocked, no answer. He entered and found the room literally empty, swept and garnished. Old woman, child, four-poster, and all the rest of the "plenishing" had vanished, and never were seen or heard of more. The priest says no man could have moved the wardrobe, and the noise made in the "flitting" would have wakened the sleepers of Ephesus. The "but," the witch's room, had only two small windows. How was it done? The intelligent author of *Dodo and I* may say that witch, four-poster, and child, and wardrobe were all "disintegrated," and so disappeared, to be reconstructed elsewhere. That the priest was "hocusussed," and slept sounder than he knew, or that the priest, like Herodotus's scribe with his "Krophi and Mophi," was amusing himself at Mr. BELL's expense, is the only orthodox explanation. But Mr. SAVAGE, in the *Forum*, may suggest a theory much more marvellous if he pleases. The old lady was a "psychic," who could make furniture jump.

A French Catholic priest—the same gentleman, we presume—told Mr. BELL another tale as odd. It was in Trinidad. A pair of planters were living in a small two-roomed house, "with no ceiling but the roof above them." They had been sitting outside till it was dark; when they entered stones were simply rained on them from above. The priest went with them, carrying a lantern. The light stopped the rain of stones; but when the wind blew it out they fell more heavily than ever. The moment that the light was kindled the shower ceased. They collected the stones, piled them outside, and went to sleep with the lantern burning. By way of experiment, the priest blew it out, and instantly the cataclysm of stones returned. The stones did not belong to the district. The following night saw the same game repeated, and then it ceased. Of course this sort of thing is familiar in stories like the "Devil of 'Glenluce,'" in SINCLAIR's *Satan's Invisible World Discovered* (1681). The local explanation probably is that Jumbies did it, and, of course, Jumbies are Spooks. That QUASHEE did it, somehow, is more plausible; but why or how he did it, and why he left off, remains a mystery. Whoever the agent, his deeds are of the darkness. But he is nothing to the little girl in St. Lucia. One day her lady mother was told that it was raining in the little girl's bedroom. Raining it literally was! The floor was soaking, umbrellas had to be unfurled, and the shower followed the little child into the room where she was removed, while it ceased in her own room. She was taken into the garden, where rain was wanted. Nothing happened, but it (whatever it may have been) rained whenever she came under a roof. The attack only lasted for two or three days, and in this tale Mr. BELL emphatically "sees" Mr. SAVAGE, and "goes one better." Turning to history, he eclipses even his own marvels by a story of a witch, a captured negress, who stopped a ship in spite of the wind and performed many other miracles. Where is ROBERT ELSMERE now? He has only to read *Nouveaux Voyages aux Isles d'Amérique*, by the Père LABAT, and he will see that water-melons locked up in a box can yet be eaten by an Obeah woman or by the Jumbies at her command. She was set on shore; and then the ship went on all right, and people only ate melons in the usual way, not "with alien lips." The climate, scenery, and Jumbies of Grenada are, in short, so charming and satisfactory, and Obeah is such a pleasing alternative to strikes, that many will envy Mr. BELL his unrivalled opportunities.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE WELSH CLERGY.

THREE letters written for the *Guardian* by Mr. PROTHERO have just been republished in pamphlet form. In this shape they may be had for a few pence, and they are a cheap, efficient aid to all who wish to understand the origin, character, and effect of a most unjust and cruel agitation.

The anti-tithe movement in Wales has its connexions with the Irish anti-rent conspiracy, but differs from it in

several particulars. The Hibernian agitation was promoted by and has flourished upon a mixture of patriotic animosity and profit; the Welsh upon a combination of religious animosity and gain. Apart from original essentials, violence has been the chief characteristic of the one, cant of the other. There is no other considerable difference, though we might add that if the Irish agitation was spiced from the beginning with race-hatred, the Welsh movement has been inflamed by a heavy dram of political strong drink. It is very largely a Dissenting movement; and it is unhappily true—not of Wales alone, but of Wales especially—that Nonconformity has exchanged much of its old devotional fervours for political ardour and the bitterness of political partisanship. For the rest, the direct aim of the agitators was the same in both cases. The one preached the abolition of rent, the other preached the abolition of tithe dues; and tithe is rent under another name.

It appears, too, that in the case of the Welsh agitation the first impulse came from Ireland. Mr. DAVITT's concern for the nationalist and property tribulations of his fellow-countrymen is not so absorbing as to prevent him from stirring up strife elsewhere; and a few years ago he endeavoured to rouse gallant little Wales to rebellion on behalf of the three F's. He did not prosper much, having taken the wrong road to success. But native agitators knew of the better way that lay alongside of it, though it seems to have escaped Mr. DAVITT's observation. The Liberationists had long been at work with their propaganda of Disestablishment and Disendowment; and it was at once perceived that, though the proposed combination against rent failed, even when associated with heroic appeals to national sentiment, an attack on tithe-rent charges under cover of religious zeal would probably succeed. It was no miscalculation. The Welsh farmers were quite as willing as the Irish to keep back a part of their rent, when that excellent substitute for patriotic motive—religious scruple—was advanced to account for its retention. Besides, the Welsh agitation was begun during a spell of "hard times." Wales has long been, and is still, a prosperous country for agriculturists. No portion of the United Kingdom has been so little affected by agricultural "depression." Nevertheless, it was felt rather keenly in 1884-6; and, as Mr. PROTHERO tells us, the fall in prices was the opportunity of the agitators. Then the anti-tithe movement was pushed with such vigour that a spontaneous outburst of hostility to the extortions of an "alien church" (alien since when?) could soon be announced. But the spontaneity took some exertion to get it well aflame. The press, the Methodist pulpits, the chapel organizations, were all at work at once; being vigorously assisted by Board schoolmasters, deacon-farmers, and much-concerned small freeholders, and helped not only by itinerant agitators of the ordinary type, but by "house-to-house visitation by Calvinistic Methodist deacons." Local branches of the Anti-Tithe League were established, with the chapel, the politician, the preacher, the investor, and the vernacular press to sustain them. The investor, we have said, for it appears that "chapels in country districts are, in a certain sense of the words, commercial enterprises. That is to say, numbers of the farmers have invested their savings in them. To destroy the organization of the Church is to improve the value of investments which its continued progress threatens to depreciate." How should such an agitation fail to prosper? Prosper it did, favoured by political rancour, falling prices, private greed, immunity for lawlessness, the instigations of genuine religious sentiment (for of course that had something to do with it), the ignorance of many tithe-payers as to the ground of their obligations, and the helplessness of the victims of the agitation.

Before we look at the misery inflicted upon these unhappy men, let us glance at the excuse for its infliction. The excuse is religious or sectarian scruple, and a conscientious belief that tithes should be appropriated to common uses of religious teaching and general education. Well, the money being retained, how is it employed and what is its destination? The answer is that, withheld from the ministers of churches, it is not bestowed on the chapel ministers. It is kept in the pockets of the farmers themselves. "While they appropriate to their own use many thousands of pounds of money formerly devoted to a religious object, they permit the debt upon their chapels to rise from 246,926*l.* in 1878 to 323,118*l.* in 1886; and allow their contributions to the Nonconformist ministry, to the Nonconformist Missions, to the Nonconformist places of worship, and to the support of the Nonconformist poor

"to decline sensibly and materially." We may safely take Mr. PROTHERO's word for this, for he shows himself at all points a most careful and fair-minded inquirer. As for general education, take this in illustration:—A local grammar-school, supplying the very education to which the tithe is to be devoted upon the principle of nationalization, is asked for 25 per cent. reduction, while the local clergyman is only asked for 10 per cent. Besides, "lay" and clerical tithes are equally opposed. Radical laymen "are obliged to distrain as well as Welsh clergymen, "English colleges, or Ecclesiastical Commissioners."

Enough said on that point; and now let us turn to the effects of this most selfish and corrupt agitation on those who are made to suffer from it. Widespread misery is the result, and that of the keenest and most painful character. But perhaps the clergy have contributed to this unhappy result by hard insistence on their dues! It is not so, if what Mr. PROTHERO tells us be true; and his statements do not come before the world for the first time in this pamphlet. As a rule—indeed, it may be said almost universally—the clergy have shown themselves ready to consent to tithe reductions of from fifteen or twenty per cent. in some cases, in most to ten per cent., in others to seven, or six, or five. This has been done by men of whom few are blessed with private means, while most are poorly paid; and it has been done in favour of farmers who, "in numerous instances, could buy them up over and over again." The landlords have made no such reductions, taken generally. Out of their meagre pay the clergy have been willing to spare something, and not a little either, to meet the decline in prices which no longer afflicts their still obdurate debtors. But that did not satisfy; and tithe (which is that part of the rent that has to be paid to somebody who is not the landowner) has been withheld altogether to an enormous extent. To illustrate the losses which the clergy have been compelled to endure, Mr. PROTHERO prints a long table of instances, of which we take the first half-dozen (not the worst) for example:—

Tithe due last Audit	Tithe received
£101 9 3 ...	£13 7 8
95 0 6 ...	13 13 9
48 0 0 ...	12 0 0
133 0 0 ...	48 0 0
158 12 9 ...	19 14 9
113 10 6 ...	42 9 1

It has to be remembered, too, that in many cases "fixed charges upon the living swallow up the greater part of the money received, and with rates and taxes leave but a narrow margin." Thus one clergyman receives 86*l.* 10*s.*; of that, Queen Anne's Bounty Office takes 21*l.*, and rates and taxes consume nearly 28*l.* So goes the game, the clergy being reduced, not seldom, to half-starvation. Mr. PROTHERO assures us—and we can see for ourselves how likely he is to speak the truth—that it is difficult to exaggerate the privations, the extreme destitution, the mental anxiety to which these poor gentlemen are reduced. He tells of one with whom he passed through the vicarage garden to see the church, a garden overgrown with weeds and branches of creepers. The vicar walked with difficulty, and, on the way, apologized for the condition of the path by saying, "We hoped to receive money enough to get it cleared," and for the slowness of his gait by the remark, "I really do not get enough to eat." Yet this man was at that very time arranging to hold additional weekday Mission services during the winter months. We read of another poor parson who scarcely ventured into the village because he felt so acutely his debts to the local shops; of another who sold his carpet to pay his way; of another whose son apologized for a hearty appetite, saying, "We have had no meat at home for weeks." Of yet another this tale is told. When he was already impoverished by sickness, his wife died. Ten days after, he was informed that there would be no more payment of tithe. He had no money left, and none was expected to come in. Food ran short. His two daughters, naturally delicate, fell ill from want of nourishment, and died. About this time he received from his "parishioners a box. On opening it, it was found to contain a collection of nameless filth," and on the top was placed the message, "We hear you are starving; here is food for you." That, however, must be taken as an occasional indulgence in ferocious cruelty, and counted for no more. Yet Mr. PROTHERO says that, stripped of its insulting savagery and its pathetic incidents, the story "accurately illustrates the condition to which the Welsh clergy are reduced." At best, and in the general, the condition of these poor clergymen is pitiable. Straitened for food and

clothing, many of them find their credit exhausted and their friends overdrawn upon. Their boys have to be taken from school, their insurances have to be dropped, and some have succumbed altogether to sickness and anxiety.

But we can dwell no longer on a state of things which surely ought not to be allowed to continue, and the less as it proceeds altogether from organized lawlessness and absolute wrong-doing. As to the remedy, that, too, Mr. PROTHERO discusses; and we perceive that he is in favour of transferring direct liability for tithe rent-charges from occupiers to owners. That, we believe, is the solution which Lord SELBORNE's Committee favours; but, for reasons that appear in this pamphlet, it will not suffice alone. One thing is certain—distrain is no remedy. Distrain often costs more than the debt amounts to; and we can all understand how reluctant a clergyman must be to put it in operation.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

BY far the most interesting piece of American news is the report of the death of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, which reached London yesterday. Since the death of General GRANT, the President of the Confederacy was the last survivor of the Civil War who could be described as having been in the first rank of the actors on that stage. Among them he was at one time the most conspicuous, and in any fair historical estimate he will always appear to have been one of the most honest and the most able. His death breaks the last link which even feebly connected the "uninspired and uninspiring" American party politician of to-day with the political generation of CALHOUN, DANIEL WEBSTER, and HENRY CLAY.

In the present condition of American politics it is no dispraise of the PRESIDENT'S Message that it should have attracted, as the telegrams report, "only moderate attention." The very great prosperity of the United States is not, as some Americans, at least, are aware, altogether unthreatened by possible dangers. It is hardly possible that another generation can pass before the position of the negro population in the South becomes a pressing difficulty. Already it is the cause, or the excuse, for acts of violence which are hardly to be paralleled in any other country with the most superficial claim to be considered civilized. The influence of the Irish vote in American politics is already a cause of trouble and discredit to the foreign relations of the Republic. Before long it also may become a domestic danger which it will no longer be possible to ignore. But Americans feel a profound confidence in the stability of their institutions, and are so little directly affected by the Federal Government, that they are, perhaps wisely, unwilling to do anything which would tend to hasten a crisis, even though they may believe it to be inevitable. As they enjoy complete immunity from external dangers, they can afford to be tranquil even in the actual presence of internal difficulties. Apart from the largely fictitious excitement of the Presidential election, they have little to interest them in political matters. As General HARRISON is as yet at the beginning of his term of office, he can afford to make his Messages insignificant. On the approach of the next election he may, perhaps, be advised to follow the example of his predecessor, and publish a Message which will, in fact, be a party manifesto. It would be a pure waste of trouble and ingenuity to do so now. His party do not want it, and his opponents might profit by it. Under these circumstances, the wisest course is to say as little as possible.

General HARRISON has said very little. His references to foreign affairs are characteristic. The brief mention of the recent Revolution in Brazil and the Pan-American Congress contains only an assurance that the United States Government will commit itself to nothing. Even the somewhat longer notice of the fishery dispute with Canada amounts in substance only to a similar assurance. To those who do not understand that foreign relations are of no interest to Americans, except in so far as they can be made use of for electoral purposes, there may be a certain absurdity in the comparison between President HARRISON's brief recognition of the friendly conduct of Canada, and the violent language used about a year ago by his present Secretary of State, Mr. BLAINE. In fact, however, the inconsistency is merely superficial. The fishery dispute was made much of just before the last presidential election, and it may become of value as the next approaches. In the interval the vast majority of Americans, who are not at all interested in it, will be content to see their Government leave

it alone. Unless the British Government is induced by the Canadians and Columbians to press for a settlement, the PRESIDENT will be quite content during the next two years or so to acknowledge that "Canada has administered the 'fisheries during the past season with little friction," and to express a hope that all existing causes of difference "will soon be equitably adjusted." A harmless promise to do whatever is proper to help the Nicaraguan Canal, a polite salute to the Anti-Slavery Congress, and a cheerful assurance that difficulties in the naturalization of foreigners have now been removed, complete all the PRESIDENT had to say on foreign affairs. His recommendation that "the number of 'extraditable offences between Great Britain and the United States" should be increased belongs, except in the order of its appearance, to the domestic portion of the Message. It is not from this side of the water that the difficulties will come. Such a treaty as is about to be presented to the Senate would have been welcome enough to us, even if it had been of a character which would have deprived the United States of the valuable services of a diplomatist whom they have thought good enough to represent them at the capital of a sister American Republic.

The pith of the PRESIDENT'S Message is in the passage which deals with the financial difficulty—the only really serious one which presses for immediate treatment in the States. Even this has no great gravity for the moment, and General HARRISON could afford to deal with it as to attract only moderate attention. The position of the State which has more money than it knows what to do with has its difficulties certainly, but they are not very troublesome. It is at least possible to let them stand over for a time; and that is, in substance, what the PRESIDENT asks Congress to do. The Federal Government has, or very shortly will have, on its hands a surplus of about twenty millions sterling. In spite of almost heroic increase of the pension-list, and in spite, too, of the lavish generosity which Congress-men have displayed towards themselves in the matter of pay and allowances, the excess of revenue over expenditure is still great in America. Something may be done by building a fleet of warships, and another fleet of steam-packets; something may still be done by continuing to grant pensions to all and sundry who had any share, however indirect, in the Civil War. But when all has been done in these ways which American politicians feel they can safely do—surplus will still remain. It might be got rid of by a sufficiently large outlay on public works; on the construction, for instance, of the Nicaraguan Canal as a national undertaking. But, although Americans are far from averse to lavish outlay, this particular method of evacuation will hardly be permitted to the Federal Government. It would put far too much patronage into the hands of one party. In the present Congress the Democrats are too strong to allow the Republicans to hope to set up such an immense extension of the "machine." The redemption of debt has hitherto been a great resource, but now all that part of it which can be forcibly redeemed is extinguished. The remainder could only be wiped off by the purchase of shares in the market, a process which forces up their price. It is very doubtful, too, whether Americans, who understand as well as any people the value of an absolutely safe investment for trust and reserve money, wish to see the debt wholly redeemed. There remains, therefore, only what, at the first blush, looks like the easiest of all methods—the remission of taxation. As a matter of fact, however, it is about the most difficult of all in the United States. Two-thirds of the revenue is raised by Customs duties imposed for protective rather than for revenue purposes. They must not be touched by a Republican President who relies on the Protectionists. Of the internal revenue a large part is raised by excise on the distilling of spirits, and that could not be removed without creating considerable offence. The Federal Government is, therefore, burdened by a surplus which is a "disturbing element in business," but which it must not deal with on business principles. The PRESIDENT can hardly be said to have suggested any remedy, good or bad. He remits the question to Congress, and recommends a revision of the Customs Tariff, which is not, however, to affect its protective character. Obviously these are no resources at all. If the tariff is to remain protective, it will remain as it is. In all probability the immediate difficulty will be tided over by the remission of some internal taxation and further outlay on the navy. This is not a cure, only a palliative; but, after all, the disease is not of so painful a character that the United States cannot bear it for some time

longer with equanimity. A thorough cure cannot, and will not, be tried until one party has a decisive superiority in Congress and a President of its own views. At present the forces are so evenly balanced that decisive action of any kind is not to be expected. For the same reason it is improbable that Congress will accept Mr. WINDOM's proposal to repeal the Bland Act. It is true that experience has shown that the compulsory coinage of silver serves no good end, and does not even keep up the price of the metal. But it does serve the interest of an active, resolute, and astute body of wirepullers, who will, in the conflict of authorities made possible by the American Constitution, be able to obstruct whatever they find inconvenient. We do not, therefore, expect to see Mr. WINDOM succeed easily with his Bill. Neither, however, do we expect to see the silver interest carry that "free coinage" Bill which would enable all debtors to pay their liabilities in a debased coinage.

THE PHILANTHROPIST ON THE WAR-PATH.

EVERYBODY seems to be agreed about the excellence of Dr. BARNARDO's motives, and what everybody seems to be agreed about is of course always true. Even the judges who are called upon not unfrequently to administer to the Doctor what Lord BRAMWELL would call a "good, 'sound *habeas corpus*'" unite in testifying to the purity of his irregular proceedings. If we do not swell the chorus of adulation, it is not because we are prepared to charge Dr. BARNARDO with anything worse than wrongheaded obstinacy and concealment of the truth, but because Dr. BARNARDO gets at least as much flattery as is good for him. It is natural that people should be predisposed in favour of a man who keeps Homes for destitute children. Benevolence, however fussy, and charity, however intolerant, always appeal to those who are neither gods nor beasts. But, in the words of the novel quotation recently made by Mr. JOHN BURNS, evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart. In one of M. CHERBULIEZ's novels the hero accuses himself to his employer, a mine-owner, of having been the cause of a fatal explosion by not giving the proper directions for the safety of the mine. The accusation is false, and made to screen another person, but that is neither here nor there. The point is that the employer rejects with scorn, as a plea for mercy, the courage and assiduity of the supposed culprit in rescuing the imprisoned and helping the wounded after the accident had happened. "I did not engage you," he says in effect, "to perform prodigies of valour in an emergency, 'but to be ordinarily careful in the discharge of your 'duties.'" The remark was brutal enough, but it contained a substratum of truth. It may fairly be argued that the world would be better for less generosity and more justice. At all events, Dr. BARNARDO, as the Courts will soon be tired of telling him, cannot be allowed to break the law for the real or imaginary benefit of children whose parents are not altogether to his mind. Here, for instance, or rather not here, but probably in Canada, is HARRY GOSSAGE, whose mother wishes to send him to a Catholic home. Dr. BARNARDO is a Protestant, and the Church of Rome is, next to parental power, his darling aversion. Rather than subject HARRY to the danger of being perverted, he sent him out of the country and out of the jurisdiction of the Queen's Bench. He has been commanded to bring HARRY back, for the Court informs Dr. BARNARDO again, as it informed him before in another case, that he cannot say "I am unable to 'produce this boy, because I have caused him to be removed 'from England." A person improperly taken out of the jurisdiction must be restored to the jurisdiction, or else those responsible for his withdrawal must be prepared to face the consequences.

Dr. BARNARDO was perfectly justified in originally receiving HARRY GOSSAGE as an inmate of his home. He was asked to do so by a clergyman at Folkestone, and very properly asked leave of the boy's mother. Mrs. GOSSAGE replied, "I shall be pleased if my son is kept in Dr. BARNARDO's home, as I cannot afford to support him myself." Mrs. GOSSAGE is apparently unable to write, but to this sentence she affixed her mark. Dr. BARNARDO, who does not seem to be quite so innocent of the world and its ways as some of his acts would lead one to suppose, took the further precaution of sending her an agreement, but this agreement was never signed. A day or two after it was sent Dr. BARNARDO received an application on Mrs. GOSSAGE's behalf for the removal of her child to a Roman

Catholic institution in the Harrow Road. Dr. BARNARDO's answer was a lithographed form of unctuous religiosity, in which he inserted no reference to the distinct demand made upon him. Whether Mrs. GOSSAGE could by agreement have divested herself of her maternal rights is not the question, for she signed no agreement. There can be no doubt whatever that she was legally entitled to recall HARRY from Dr. BARNARDO's, and send him wherever she pleased. But Dr. BARNARDO is a law unto himself. Two days after dispatching the lithographed form, instead of sending the lad to St. Vincent's or restoring him to his mother, he handed him over to a gentleman named NORTON, whom he had seen for the first time less than a week before, and of whom he knew absolutely nothing. Mr. NORTON produced a letter from Mr. BLAKE, and references from other less distinguished Canadians whose names Dr. BARNARDO has forgotten, and added that he "was anxious to find a nice-looking boy, not older than 'ten or eleven; one who was not likely to be interfered with by his relatives, as he wished, if he liked him, to 'adopt him as his son." It is almost incredible, but it is true, that Dr. BARNARDO gave Mr. NORTON the boy to do what he pleased with him then and there. He did not even ask for Mr. NORTON's address, and, when further applications were made on Mrs. GOSSAGE's account, she received answers from Dr. BARNARDO's subordinates which naturally led her to suppose that her son was still under Dr. BARNARDO's care. The mother's authority to keep the child had been revoked. Her authority to send the child away had never been given. Lord COLERIDGE and Lord Justice BOWEN have decided that Dr. BARNARDO broke the law of the land. They could not go further. But there are other laws than those made by judges or Parliaments; and it will be for the charitable public to consider whether Dr. BARNARDO deserves the confidence hitherto reposed in him.

CHURCH AND LAND IN WALES.

IT is not to be wondered at that Sir WILLIAM HAROURT—a son of the prophets, a fair example of purely clerical origin and bringing up—should display his ancestral interest in ecclesiastical matters by making fun of what the *Times* not improperly calls the "very unlovely quarrel" between Welsh landlords and Welsh clergy, occurring, as that quarrel has done, just at the moment when Mr. GLADSTONE has made up his mind to throw the Welsh baby over the sledge. For some time past the probability of such a quarrel has seemed only too likely to those who know at once something of politics and something of human nature. The alliance between parson and squire is, indeed, one of those alliances which can only be unnaturally divorced; but it by no means follows that individual specimens of the two classes are incapable of wishing to dissolve it. That the main fault in the recent instance lies with the landlords there can be no doubt; but the clergy are not faultless. Great as have been their sufferings during the past year or two of Nonconformist dishonesty, and great as have been the efforts which the larger and better part of them have made to do their duty, it is probably true that in Wales, as elsewhere, and rather more than elsewhere, there have been and are clergy who do not do their duty. It has been over and over again confessed here, as it has been by all who are really attached to the Church of England, that one of the greatest blots on the discipline of the Church is the exceedingly slight hold given by the law over a clergyman who does not do his duty, and the expense, difficulty, and inadequacy of the means by which even that slight hold can be maintained. And, if it is particularly disgraceful for the castellan of a fort in a half-hostile country to be remiss, human nature, we are afraid, makes it very likely that just such a one will be remiss.

It is absurd, however, to recognize in the complaints of the recent Rhyl Conference a *vera causa* for the unwillingness of the landlords to acquiesce in the only solution of the tithe difficulty—the placing of the burden directly, instead of indirectly, on themselves. Some of them, indeed, seem to have quite frankly admitted the true reason, that they did not wish the bad relations now existing between tithe-owners and tithe-payers to be transferred to themselves and their tenants. There would be nothing to be said against this exceedingly natural reluctance (or nothing except from the high moral standpoint which is not a convenient *pou sto*) if it were not as unwise as it is

natural. Do any Welsh landlords really think that by abandoning the tenth to the tenants they will save the nine-tenths? Do they imagine that the eminent Mr. GEE and his friends will be content with mumbling the parson's bones, and will not think of fixing their jaws in the squire's flesh? Did they ever hear of a place called Ireland, of things called Land Acts, of prairie value, of holding the harvest, and so forth? Do they imagine that one kind of property in land can fall and another kind of property in land stand uninjured and unshaken by the falling? If they really think these things, the application of the old saw in their case is unpleasantly obvious. They must certainly have lost their wits, and they will go near to losing their goods. The blindness of property is, indeed, unfortunately a very well-known variety of blindness, and one of the most difficult to couch or cure. If the grumbling Welsh squires, who are no doubt not all the Welsh squires, do not want to exemplify the disease even more signally than their Irish brethren, let them agree speedily with their clerical allies. They are in the same boat with those allies, they cannot get out of it by throwing their companions overboard, and they will not lighten or quicken the boat itself by any such jettison. Parson and squire may sink or swim in England; but, will they nill they, they must sink or swim together.

TOY CAPS.

MANY people will remember the terrible explosion which occurred in the summer of last year at a manufactory of fireworks, near Wandsworth. Only a pound and a half of powder was ignited. But three girls were killed, and the neighbourhood was naturally a good deal alarmed. One result of the catastrophe was that Mr. McMURRAY, the well-known maker of paper—whose premises are on the other side of the Wandle—instigated legal proceedings against the exercise of this dangerous trade. Lord Justice BOWER, in the interesting sketch of legal history which he contributed to Mr. HUMPHREY WARD's Jubilee volumes on the present reign, observes that, in 1837, the chances were against a man who began a Chancery suit living to see the end of it. We have considerably improved upon the pace of our ancestors. Lord ELDON has left no successor, and there are five Chancery judges. Aided by these positive and negative advantages, Mr. McMURRAY has succeeded in obtaining a judgment from the Court of First Instance within little more than a year and a quarter. As his opponent has only two appeals, and as the House of Lords sits for judicial purposes during the Parliamentary recess, Mr. McMURRAY need not despair of surviving the litigation upon which he has embarked. That he has so far succeeded may be partly due to the fact that he had Mr. RIGBY for his counsel. But the public will be very much inclined to congratulate him upon his success, without reference to how he won it. Mr. Justice KEKEWICH expressed some commiseration for the hard fate of the defendant, Mr. CALDWELL, and, no doubt, a man is to be pitied for having his trade molested, if not destroyed. Mr. CALDWELL produces fireworks, and also "amores," or detonating paper-caps for children's pistols. He has obeyed the Regulations of the Home Office, which were altered and made more stringent after the explosion of August 1888. It may seem unfair to say anything against a man who carries on a lawful business in a legal way. Fireworks seem to be an acknowledged necessity of modern and civilized existence. But is it absolutely essential to our growth as a nation, or to the progress of mankind as a whole, that detonating paper-caps should be manufactured at all? What good object do they serve? They make a disagreeable noise. They emit an unpleasant smell. They corrupt the taste of the young and disturb the peace of the old. They lead to that insane passion for revolvers which threatens to become endemic if it be not extirpated by law. They yield no pretty or fantastic results, and are, if possible, less interesting than Pharaoh's Serpents. In short, they are an unmitigated nuisance.

Mr. Justice KEKEWICH, in one of those learned and elaborate judgments which, in their style, remind the flippant reader of a policeman's evidence, has come to the conclusion that Mr. CALDWELL's factory is, as DOGBERRY would say, "very tolerable, and not to be endured." So he has issued an injunction; and, unless his decision be reversed on appeal—as does sometimes happen—the defendant

will have to discontinue his operations, or conduct them somewhere else. Where dangerous trades which are not prohibited ought to be located is a delicate and difficult question. There are not many waste and desolate places left in England, or at least in such parts of it as are possible centres of industry. But common sense, if not common law, would seem to suggest that paper and gunpowder are mutually unsuitable neighbours. Mr. McMURRAY is a very important personage, for he supplies much of the material from which the free press of this enlightened country is physically formed. Now fireworks may be all very well in their proper place. But even Messrs. BROCK would find their "pyrotechnic displays" less attractive and less profitable if there were no journals to give them a descriptive report. Mr. Justice KEKEWICH had, of course, to decide the case as between man and man, heedless of the consequences to the community in general. His parade of authorities is imposing and formidable. But the real point is whether this manufacture of caps and fireworks is dangerous to the plaintiff and his servants or no. As to this, there was, of course, the usual conflict of experts retained on either side. Mr. Justice KEKEWICH, extending the principle of GEORGE ELIOT's publican, thinks that all are right and all are wrong. Some say that the stuff of which caps are made is explosive when dry, but not when wet. Others hold that it is not explosive until it has been put into the cap, which certainly seems an odd view. Mr. Justice KEKEWICH, taking a middle course, which, in this instance, at all events, is the safest, opines that an explosive substance may be made suddenly explosive by hot weather. Now, as the QUEEN says in her Diary, we have no control over the weather, and therefore the only remedy is an injunction which applies to all seasons of the year alike. One thing which must strike the least scientific reader of the evidence is, that nobody knows the cause of the explosion fifteen months ago. The most plausible solution offered is described by Mr. Justice KEKEWICH as a "bad guess." These are not circumstances in which "it's better only guessing." On the contrary, if we cannot be sure, we should be on the safe side, like Mr. Justice KEKEWICH.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

WE are not so careful, as perhaps it might seem to some hasty ones that we should be, in noticing the death of the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. We did our best many years ago to kill Mr. TUPPER as a standard and ensample of literary faith and manners; and we succeeded. He had to be killed, or sent, where bad English authors go when they die, to America; and the thing was done. We do not repent of it. As a man, Mr. TUPPER continued to live for a long time, and was a very excellent specimen of humanity. He ought, as far as the sale of his books went, to have been a millionaire, and he was very far from being that. He was justified by his earlier popularity in believing himself one of the first men of the day, and the general public for nearly a quarter of a century before his death altogether declined to treat him as such. Even while *Proverbial Philosophy* held its vogue, other work of Mr. TUPPER's was, unless we mistake strangely, anything but successful, and he was not one of those persons who trust in their vein and believe in their star and care nothing for recalcitrants and maligners. Yet we believe also that we are perfectly justified in saying that Mr. TUPPER was never in the least sour; that he never bated a jot of heart or hope; and that he was to the last genial. He came of excellent folk, whether the stern genealogist does or does not believe in the TOUPARDS and TOPHERS, and all the rest of it. He was thoroughly well educated; he had the taste, if not the faculty, of letters. We salute him, as we have the right to do.

And yet there will always remain for the critic that astonishing problem of the popularity of *Proverbial Philosophy*. We call it, and we call it deliberately, astonishing; for, though it does not astonish the critic in kind (he has seen many others in that respect of it), no critic living has ever seen anything like it in degree. If, from the early forties to the early sixties (after which it "went with a run") it exasperated some critics beyond the bounds of fairness, and made them forget that it was not the guiltless Mr. TUPPER, but the guilty public, which was really to blame, that is a detail of the past. Perhaps some of these critics did forget one of the very axioms of criticism,

that, from time to time, when the public has nothing better, it will jump like a trout at a mayfly at anything that is expressed in quasi-literary fashion, and goes just so little above its own head that the effort to seize it is a merely pleasurable exertion. Between 1840 and 1860, the era of Mr. TUPPER's greatest popularity, the public simply had not got a poet. The great race of the beginning of the century were dead or dying, or had long ceased to produce important verse. Mr. TENNYSON as he then was, and Mr. BROWNING as he still is, it declined to hear. It admired Sir HENRY TAYLOR because it was told it ought to do so, and so it ought; but Sir HENRY TAYLOR, it may be admitted, "do not," and did not, "over-stimulate." It admired, and no shame to it, Mr. LONGFELLOW; but he was a foreigner. Youthful Spasmodics it would none of, and here again small blame to it. The *Defence of Guinevere*, the morning star of a new poetry, came twenty years later than the first appearance of *Proverbial Philosophy*. Meanwhile there was *Proverbial Philosophy*. It looked like verse; it scanned (rather badly) like verse; they called it verse. Its sentiments were quite unexceptionable—indeed, to give our own unbiased opinion, there is more sound sense as well as more sound sentiment in it than in the whole year's production of the average minor bard to-day. "They thought it said what it ought to 'have said, and they cooed away," having, for the sake of the excellence of its saying, for the most part bought it. That the matter, even at its most excellent, was utterly commonplace, and the manner inexpressibly inartistic, the public did not, would not, perhaps could not, see. It is one of the most painful tasks of criticism, to any critic who is not a mere cub, to have from time to time to visit the idiocy of the public on the head of the author. The cub does it, and delights; the critic groans, and does it. It has got to be done now and then, be the author's name BLACKMORE or MONTGOMERY, TUPPER or FARRAR. What was Mr. TUPPER's abiding and distinguishing merit was, that whether he thought himself misjudged or not (and he would have been more or less than human if he had not), he took his punishment smiling, and if he never learnt, never whined.

ART, SCIENCE, AND "MY LORDS."

IF Professor HUXLEY and Sir HENRY LAYARD had laid their heads together to put officialdom to shame for its dealings, or rather its refusal to deal, with the needs of art and science, they could not well have performed that useful work more efficiently in concert than they have succeeded in doing by independent action. So happy, indeed, is the concurrence of their respective complaints, so fortunate the simultaneous publication of their two letters in the *Times*, that one is at first almost tempted to adopt the theory of a conspiracy of two. But, as a matter of fact, there is no ground for the suspicion. Professor HUXLEY writes, presumably in England, under date of December 4; Sir HENRY LAYARD's letter is dated Venice, November 30; and we may regard it as purely accidental that the protest of the one correspondent against the anticipated refusal of the Government to make proper provision for the new Science Museum, and of the other against their indispension to complete the project of worthily housing our collection of national portraits, should both have met the eye of the public in the same day's impression of a newspaper.

The Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have offered to the Government for 70,000*l.* a plot of land worth nearly three times that sum, on condition that it shall be permanently used for purposes connected with science and the arts. A purpose answering with remarkable accuracy to this description is and has been for some time past in official contemplation—the construction, namely, which is said to be at last sanctioned, of the Science Museum; to which might be added, if necessary, the enlargement of the Normal School of Science, at present compelled, as Professor HUXLEY points out, "to turn away many applicants for admission every year." Yet, with this land offered to them on these handsome terms for a scientific purpose, and with their scientific purpose imperatively demanding the purchase of land for its execution, the Government are minded, it is said, to refuse the offer, preferring, it is supposed, to patch up the old Exhibition building, into a poverty-stricken Science Museum, and to allow the erection, as a *vis-à-vis* to the Imperial Institute, of a series of

"desirable family mansions" in the best possible position from which to discharge "red-hot flakes of soot," whenever their chimneys happen to catch fire, upon a museum containing "thousands of gallons of proof spirit" in the "pre-parations" which form a considerable portion of its specimens.

Sir HENRY LAYARD's protest, however, relates to a piece of official parsimony—not, we are glad to be able to hope, in actual contemplation—which it would have been even more difficult to regard with patience. There is, as is known, a small plot of ground adjoining the site of the proposed addition to the National Gallery, the possession of which the architect declares to be absolutely necessary before he can proceed with his plans. Not to acquire it would be to run a double risk. A building might be erected upon it which would seriously obstruct the light in the new galleries, or one which it might not be desirable to have in their immediate vicinity. It was to be supposed that the Treasury, after having been by the munificence of a private benefactor relieved of the cost of erecting the new National Portrait Gallery, would not hesitate in taking steps to secure to the nation the fullest advantage derivable from this public-spirited offer by purchasing the plot of ground in question. The sum required to do so would not be large; it amounts only to 7,000*l.* Sir HENRY LAYARD, however, had been informed that, "out of parsimony," the Treasury declines to advance the money; while, on the other hand, the London County Council refuses, and no doubt very properly, to have anything to do with what it considers, and what, in fact, is, an Imperial and not a municipal improvement. The unfortunate Portrait Gallery, therefore, was thus likely, he feared, "to fall between two stools," "unless a strong expression of public opinion may induce the Treasury to reconsider its decision." It is with satisfaction that the public have learned from Mr. PRIMROSE's subsequent letter of explanation that this pressure will not be necessary, and that the land will be acquired. In no case, of course, could Sir HENRY LAYARD's worst fears have been realized by the project of the National Portrait Gallery falling to the ground. The building having been promised as a gift to the nation, an eligible site will, of course, have to be found for it somewhere. But no site could be more eligible than the one proposed; and from the first it seemed incredible that, for lack of such a trifle as 7,000*l.*, it should have to be exchanged for a less suitable one. We have all heard of throwing away the ship for a halfpennyworth of tar; but to do this with a ship which has been presented to you free of cost would be an ineptitude of which even "My Lords" are not yet proved capable.

BOURKE v. DAVIS.

THE sympathies of the man who is not a riparian owner are naturally against the man who is when he endeavours to keep a river running through his land for his own delectation. If the river ever has been used, even only a little, as a place of amusement by the boating-men, then the action of the owner who suddenly exercises his power to shut out strangers is apt to look odious indeed. And yet the owner may be right. Mr. Justice KAY has, after taking several days to think of it, decided that the Hon. HENRY NORTON BOURKE is entitled to put a stop to the hiring of pleasure-boats on the river Mole. A certain amount of use has been made of that water for purposes of recreation; but the judge has decided that it was only by sufferance on the part of the riparian owner, and that he was entitled to cease tolerating trespass on his river if he chose to do so. However unpleasant it may be to learn that a very pretty stretch of water within reach of London is shut to all those who do not enjoy Mr. BOURKE's permission to row on it, we think that reasonable boating-men will allow Mr. Justice KAY to be in the right. Not that their approval matters to Mr. Justice KAY. It will, however, be for their own peace of mind and edification to realize the grounds on which Mr. BOURKE's claim is upheld. Whether the reader of Mr. Justice KAY's judgment is also bound to believe with him that a Commissioner for the Administration of Oaths ought to see that those who take them know what they are swearing to is not to us equally clear. After all, the Commissioner's business may be plausibly held to be only to administer the oath, not to assure himself that it is not taken in ignorance or dishonesty. The sin and the risk of that should rest with him who swears.

Mr. BOURKE's right to warn the holiday-maker off the Mole is based on the rule that a man is entitled to what he has paid for. In this country a purchaser can acquire the right to keep a piece of water to himself, provided it is not a tidal river or a highway from one public place to another. When Mr. BOURKE first began his endeavour to stop the letting of pleasure-boats on the river by Mr. DAVIS of Helsham, he had not acquired all rights over the river, and for that oversight he will suffer in his bill of costs. He has since put himself right by purchasing the bed of the river from Cobham to Esher, from those who had power to sell it, and is therefore entitled to put obstructions in the way of Mr. DAVIS's boats. The only grounds on which he could be debarred from doing so would be that the river is tidal, or that it has been used as a highway. The first contention is absurd to any one who has an elementary knowledge of the geography of the Thames Valley. The second was shown to be unfounded by the evidence. The part of the Mole which was asserted to be a highway neither starts from nor ends in a public place. It has never been used for purposes of carriage, except on a very few occasions, when owners on either bank found it convenient for the purpose of floating bricks or poles. That is not traffic. In fact, the Mole is so little of a highway that it owes its character as navigable water entirely to dams erected by millowners. As Mr. Justice KAY said, it is a long artificial pond, and if it had been left in a state of nature would be a succession of pools connected by a mere thread of stream. The attempt to prove that such a piece of water is a highway only shows on what desperately small pretexts men will fight in law courts. It is exceedingly probable that to many people Mr. BOURKE will seem to have played the part of dog in the manger; but, even if he had, it would not follow that he was not thoroughly entitled to the judgment he has obtained. As long as the law allows a man to acquire certain rights, it must enforce them. The law does allow Mr. BOURKE to acquire those rights for which he has paid, and the rest follows. Moreover, although it may be a good thing that places of recreation should exist near great cities, it is not an equally good thing to live near those places of recreation. The state of certain parts of the Thames on a Sunday may well have appeared a warning to the riparian owners of the Mole. If they, or the most spirited of them, availed themselves of their rights to prevent Mr. DAVIS, of Helsham, from turning their quiet water into a small copy of what the main river is at times at Hampton Court, we do not know that they are to be blamed.

THE WRONGS OF MOLLOY.

HOW is it that Miss HELEN TAYLOR and her sisterhood of itinerant Home Rule prelectresses have overlooked the case of the persecuted MOLLOY? It is simply perfect; a monumental instance of landlord rapacity and of the sufferings of a fleeced and face-ground tenantry. The account of the case in Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM's letter to Mr. BANNISTER, all simply told as it is, is touching in the extreme. MOLLOY, who is a tenant on Lord KENMARE's estate, owed 30*l.* rent and arrears—a fact alone sufficient to prove that he is a wronged and cruelly entreated man. To him thus in default enter the estate bailiffs, who first seized his cows—for *pecus*, it seems, he had, though not *pecunia*—and then, having taken this heartless advantage of him, called again at his home to ask him if (that such things should be!) he would redeem them by paying the debt. MOLLOY replied that he was willing to pay—and where is the Irish tenant who is not?—but that he had only 7*l.* altogether, wherewith he handed seven notes, by way of *cessio bonorum*, to the bailiff. And now a strange thing happened. On examining the tender, the bailiff found that one of the 7*l.* notes was, to employ a local idiom, a 5*l.* note; so that the account between MOLLOY and his landlord, instead of having been reduced by 7*l.*, had, in fact, been diminished by 6 + 5 = 11 (say eleven) pounds. It is much to MOLLOY's credit, and demonstrates the inbred honesty of the Irish nature, that he made no demand for the return of the 5*l.* note, though it was obviously a payment made under a mistake of fact, and might surely have been regarded, in contemplation of law, as money received by the bailiff to MOLLOY's "use." So far, however, from being impressed by his moderation, the agrarian SHYLOCK was apparently only emboldened by it to give another turn

to the screw, and he accordingly proceeded to put further pressure on the tenant to pay the balance of the debt.

It is to be supposed that MOLLOY's spirit was at last broken under this system of moral torture; for he now admitted that he had a small deposit of 20*l.* in the bank, and produced a document which he said was the deposit receipt for that sum. This paper he handed to the bailiff; and here another strange thing happened. On the receipt being examined, it proved to be one, not for 20*l.*, but for 40*l.* The mistake was pointed out to him, and, taking back the document, he produced another; but neither was this the receipt for which he was in search. Wonders, to use another local idiom, had "never done ceasing" in connexion with MOLLOY and his assets; for this second receipt turned out to be one for 40*l.* The quest of the 20*l.* voucher was, however, continued, and was at last successful; and with this and 10*l.* in notes the victim of landlordism paid his rent. Every man with a heart to feel for another must sympathize with the story of his wrongs; but still they have their compensations. It must have been, after all, a relief to him to find himself solvent, instead of, as he had imagined, bankrupt. A glance at his balance-sheet at the conclusion of his interview with the bailiff, and a comparison of it with his former estimate, will show how different was his position to what he had supposed. At the commencement of the interview the account stood thus:—Liabilities, 30*l.* rent and arrears; assets, 7*l.* At its close we have the following figures in this second column:—By cash, 11*l.*; on deposit account, 100*l.*, 40*l.*, 2*l.* Total, 171*l.* Balance, after discharge of all liabilities, 14*l.* This is certainly better than bankruptcy; and, after all, it is better to be solvent and oppressed than to be insolvent and ditto. Still his case, however we look at it, is a hard one, and Miss HELEN TAYLOR might have made much of it, if it had been brought to her notice. We cannot help thinking that these ladies are not being well served by the persons to whom they look for information on the wrongs of Irish tenants.

MR. BALFOUR AT GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.

MR. BALFOUR, who has been virtually replying to Mr. GLADSTONE throughout the week, has, in one important respect, had less to answer than usual. Hitherto it has commonly fallen to his lot, not only to repel unjust and slanderous attacks upon the methods of his Irish administration, but also to correct the grossest misdescription of its results. On the present occasion he has found himself spared at least one-half of his customary task. Mr. GLADSTONE is unexpectedly, and as we believe almost inadvertently, "with him" as regards one of the two contentions which it is as usual his duty to support. When he declares, as he has declared before, that law "has been restored in Ireland, and can be maintained," that "contentment will follow, and is following the wake of the law," his declaration is, wonderful to relate, at last echoed by the leader of the Opposition, who, much to the inconvenience of his followers, has admitted that "the state of Ireland generally is tranquil and happy, and the law respected and obeyed." It is unnecessary, of course, to add that Mr. GLADSTONE allows no credit for this to Mr. BALFOUR; but that is a minor matter. He is at liberty to explain the encouraging circumstance in his own way; those who recognize ordinary sequences of cause and effect will interpret it in theirs. The great point is that the fact should have been admitted, as it now has been for the first time, we believe, by both parties to the dispute; and that while the Government have steadily prosecuted their administrative policy in Ireland, in the face of all the calumny and obstruction which their opponents have brought to bear upon it, the condition of the country should, either as a result of that policy, or, if Mr. GLADSTONE prefers that belief, by a fortunate coincidence, have continued as steadily to improve. There may possibly be only a mysterious sort of pre-established harmony between the resolute enforcement of the law on the part of the ruler and the respect and obedience which are now admittedly paid and rendered to it on the part of the ruled. But, even if that be all, it will be worth the while of the Government to persevere with the experiment, if only in the hope that the same inexplicable concurrence of firm administration with re-established tranquillity and reviving prosperity may continue.

No verbal answer, however, that Mr. BALFOUR could give to Mr. GLADSTONE is likely to produce half so great an

effect on the public mind, not to say on the mind of his vehement opponent himself, as the reception which has been accorded to the CHIEF SECRETARY in Mr. GLADSTONE's own constituency. To Gladstonians, to whom it apparently gives an actual sense of virtuous self-satisfaction to count the number of people who assemble to hear their "illustrious leader" or stare at him when they cannot hear him, it will come, we have no doubt, with something like a pang to hear that at the banquet at which Mr. BALFOUR was entertained last Wednesday in the Waverley Market, "covers were laid for 2,700 persons." This, we imagine, must have beaten the Gladstonian record in banquets altogether, and since it seems to be purely largeness of scale in political demonstrations which inspires them with hope and confidence of future victory, we should not wonder if some of their meteorologists were to feel uneasy until arrangements have been made for Mr. GLADSTONE to sit down to a political dinner at which covers have been laid for 3,000 persons. Meanwhile, however, they can console themselves with the reflection, never likely to be denied them, that if Mr. BALFOUR is feted by some hundreds or thousands more persons than Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, may always be trusted to address some thousands of words more to them than Mr. BALFOUR. The CHIEF SECRETARY's speech last Wednesday cannot bear comparison in point of length with even a Gladstonian oration of the second magnitude; but, on the other hand, we may say of it, what cannot be said with strict accuracy of the famous discourses just referred to, that it did not contain a superfluous word. The case for Home Rule after the type of Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill of 1886—that is to say, after the type of the Home Rule which was tried and found wanting by the Irish themselves before the demand for the Parliament abolished by the Union arose at all—has never perhaps been more tersely exposed and so effectively disposed of. Home Rule, in fact, defined as Mr. BALFOUR defines it—namely, as a system under which a legislative assembly manages the affairs of a country without being, like our own Parliament, supreme—is not, as Mr. GLADSTONE led the more ignorant of his followers to suppose, and perhaps, till he took up Irish history, himself believed, the name of a new and hopeful experiment in Irish politics, or even of the renewal of an experiment which, though tried once before, was tried for too short a time and under too unfavourable conditions to justify us in drawing any desponding inferences from its failure. No; it is the name of neither of these things. It describes a system which endured for generations; which was overthrown, as Mr. BALFOUR says, by one of the few "unanimous movements" in which the Irish nation ever indulged"; and which was replaced, in the name of those very principles which Mr. PARNELL pretends (when he is not speaking at Cincinnati) to repudiate, by the Parliament abolished in 1801. The Legislature which Mr. GLADSTONE sought to establish in Ireland three years ago was, in substance and in essentials, the same Legislature which the country possessed before 1782, and which Irish patriotism of that day declared to be absolutely unworthy the toleration of a free people. What GRATTAN and his colleagues of that day maintained, as Mr. BALFOUR reminds us, was that the exclusive and absolute power to make laws to bind Ireland should reside in the Irish Parliament, and he rejected the "Home Rule" "Parliament then in existence as savouring of slavery." When, therefore, Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers talk of contenting Ireland with a Parliament which is to be strictly controlled by that of England, and when they insist that there is no danger of Ireland seeking to raise her Legislature to a dangerous independence, the short answer to them in both these points is, that the concession which they say will content Irish nationality has once already in their history been denounced by them as insultingly inadequate, and that the attempt at its illicit extension, which they declare unlikely to be made by Irish Nationalists, is exactly what historical experience bids us expect from them. It is owing, we suppose, to Mr. BALFOUR's having put this destructive argument in so telling a form, that the *Freeman's Journal* has been driven to such a delirium of fury as to mistake itself for *United Ireland*.

English Parnellite organs have with more judgment and self-command confined themselves to the discovery that Mr. BALFOUR's first Edinburgh speech was "dull." It could hardly have surprised us if the second speech, which closely followed the lines of Mr. GLADSTONE's amazingly dreary discourse at Manchester last Tuesday night, had been really obnoxious to this unfavourable

criticism. But, as a matter of fact, it was as full of spirit and vivacity as one of the best of Mr. BALFOUR's Parliamentary "replies"; and, though it seems much to say of a performance which Mr. BALFOUR has now been compelled to repeat for about the twentieth time, we are inclined to think that he has never before put the *démenti* of Gladstonian mendacities on the subject of the Crimes Act, and its employment solely against "combinations" which would be lawful in England, in so final a form. The answer to Mr. GLADSTONE is certainly most compactly given in the following three propositions:—

(1) The Crimes Act of 1887 is not directed specially against "combinations" at all, whereas Mr. GLADSTONE'S Crimes Act of 1882 (as witness the recitals of its preamble) was;

(2) The Crimes Act of 1887 has not been mainly, but on the contrary, relatively speaking, rarely employed against criminal "combinations," four-sixths of the cases which have come under it being cases altogether outside this class of offence; and

(3) The Crimes Act of 1887, which Mr. GLADSTONE declares to be directed against combinations lawful in England, actually contains a clause providing that anything legal under the English Trades-Union Acts shall remain legal, in spite of anything in its provisions contained; while his alternative charge that, whether so directed or not, it has been so employed, is answered by the fact that in no single instance, before resident magistrate, County Court judge, or Division of High Court, has counsel for an accused ever attempted to set up this protective clause of the Act, and to contend that the defendant was only doing that which may be lawfully done in England.

If these three plain answers to three deliberate falsehoods cannot be got into the heads of the electors of Great Britain between now and the next election, there will indeed be reason to despair of the future of the country. If they can be got into these heads, and it is the duty of Unionists to spare no pains to ensure success to the trepanning operation, then there will indeed be some hope of bringing home, even to the slowest-minded among them, the perception that the political party which works by such means as these cannot for a moment be trusted to give a true and honest account of its political ends.

THE EGYPTIAN COLLECTION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

AS an example of the influence of arrangement on the usefulness of a museum some changes should be noted which are being carried out in one department at Bloomsbury. It is the more desirable that these changes should be described here because on previous occasions we have ventured to call attention to the heterogeneous character of the Egyptian collections in the British Museum. There were, no doubt, great difficulties to contend with. The space at command was much too limited, for one thing; and another drawback existed in the fact that a large part of the objects exhibited were brought home before Egyptian chronology was understood, and before antiquaries at all recognized the necessity of noting what the French call the *provenance* of each thing. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson and his contemporaries had no conception of the immense space of time which divided certain Egyptian dynasties. They were unaware that the manners and customs, the religion, the language, and the manufactures of the Pyramid-builders were wholly different from those of the Ptolemies. To their minds, as we have more than once had occasion to observe, the term "Ancient Egyptian" referred equally to every people, nation, and language that had inhabited the Nile Valley between the reign of Menes and that of Cleopatra. They could not, or did not, recognize the fact that thirty dynasties imply a considerable number of centuries; and that, although there are strong points of resemblance between the first Egyptians and the last, it is not in the nature of things that any country can stand absolutely still for three thousand years or more. In short, they did not recognize the existence of those three thousand years. Some of the most expert of the Egyptologists of forty or fifty years ago, some who could read hieroglyphics very fairly, stumbled at this point, and wrote great books like those of Sharpe and of Osburn to show that the three rows of kings in such a list as that of Abydos were contemporaries, not even perceiving that the latest of them must have reigned before the time of Moses. Collections made by this school form, nevertheless, the bulk of what the British Museum contains, and naturally, up to about twenty years ago no attempt was made to discriminate. Fortunately for us of the present day a variety of circumstances have co-operated to make a classification, in many instances, possible. First of all, the removal of the beasts and creeping things to South Kensington gave the Egyptian department all the outer rooms but one in the north wing, and that one has since been ceded by the removal of some

Etruscan terra cottas to a more appropriate situation. Another change is implied in the great improvement in scholarship which has lately taken place. A smattering of hieroglyphics is by no means the rarity it used to be, and, whereas it used to be said at the death of Deveria that no one survived who could read hieratic, there are now several fluent readers in the Museum alone. A third circumstance is the better knowledge of the arts of different periods. Although the older collectors so often forgot to mark whence they obtained a vase, or a bead, or a Ushabti figure, the modern arranger can tell by the glaze and the colour to what epoch each belongs, and in many cases where it was found.

The first necessity at Bloomsbury was a careful revision of the labels, and a reduction of the number of unlabelled objects, which at one time was very large. Although the general public knew nothing about it, a very important and difficult piece of work was being silently carried on. The collection of writings on papyrus was specially mounted in glass frames, appropriately labelled and placed in a series of cases where they are readily accessible, the result, which includes even the latest "Budge Papyrus," acquired last year, showing that in this one department our National Museum, in hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic documents, is second to no other in the world. Since this great task was accomplished, the officers of the Department of Oriental Antiquities—for it is almost incredible, yet strictly true, that England cannot afford a separate Egyptian Department—have been hard at work to take advantage of the extension of space to which we have referred.

Recognizing that, apart from the great Temple relics in the large galleries below stairs, all the smaller objects are of a funeral character, and that almost all we know of the successive periods of ancient Egyptian history is gathered from the tombs rather than from the temples, the authorities set about the rearrangement of the mummies first, placing them, where they should be, in the first room, and, in what had never been attempted before, chronological order. The result is really startling. No one knew what treasures we possessed. Here, at the head of the row, is that venerable fragment the wooden coffin of Mycerinus, inscribed with the touching prayer to earth and sky which gives us our earliest information as to the religious tenets of the Pyramid-builders. Close by is the skeleton of the same king—for he lived before the embalming of bodies was understood. How long ago that was we may ask in vain. Mariette would have had us believe that the Fourth Dynasty, of which Men-ka-u-Ra was the third king, ruled the land of Kemi between 4200 B.C. and 3900. Between this and the next great historical relic there is a long interval, though Antef, of the Eleventh Dynasty, also lived before any certain chronology can be established, and was placed by the same authority about 3000 B.C. Here we have a gorgeous mummy, rich in ornament and gilding, and bearing a fragment of what is known as the Pyramid text. Adjoining the remains of these two kings are the coffins of two priests of their respective periods—that of Amamu, showing us a fine example of the oldest hieroglyphics; and the later one of Mentuhotep, exhibiting the change that in even so short a time as nine centuries had come over Egyptian art. Next in order we have the handsome mummy-cases of the Eighteenth Dynasty and later, until we have exhausted the whole of the first room, ending with the curious coffin-lid of one Cornelius, who died about A.D. 110. The second room contains a few more mummy-cases, being chiefly those found by Mr. Petrie in the Fayoum, of a date as late as the end of the fourth century. Among these we observe with pleasure the remarkable scarlet and gold coffin of Artemidorus, with its life-like portrait, which excited so much interest when it was exhibited last year at the Egyptian Hall. There are other examples of Mr. Petrie's discoveries here, as well as the granite column below stairs with the names of Rameses II. and Osorkon.

The rest of the second room, all that so far has been rearranged, contains examples of deposits in tombs, such as Ushabti figures, canopic jars, and a small collection of typical skulls. From these last and other collections, such as that at Cambridge, the place among the nations of the ancient Egyptian has at length been settled. The conquering race which colonized the Nile valley so many thousands of years ago, perhaps under Osiris and Horus, came from the great central highlands of Asia, and may have brought with them much of that marvellous civilization which, the further back our researches extend, appears more and more perfect, and shows no signs of growth from any primitive era of barbarism. The Ushabti figures are very numerous, some being in stone, some in wood, some in beautifully glazed pottery. These last seem almost to arrange themselves; the best blue glaze being older than the tenth century B.C.; the brown coming next, and some pale green specimens dating from about 300 B.C. down. These figures are many hundreds in number, and the labour of merely labelling them must have been immense. In themselves they form a dictionary of names like that of Lieblein. Near them are the canopic jars which were placed with every coffin in the middle and late periods, and bear the heads of the hawk, the jackal, the ape, and the human genius. Some of these are of wood, and among them some, evidently made for a cheap funeral, are solid, and have no interior cavity. These are among the curiosities of the collection, but the taste of the public in this respect has been amply respected. Here is the hand of the thin-fingered lady still wearing its handsome gold ring set with a scarab. Here, too, may be seen the coffin of the

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priestess who had a wooden arm. There are toys and toilet ornaments and many other objects, but they will all hereafter have their set place in the rooms still under arrangement. The pottery, of which there is an immense quantity, is being set out in the third room, the chronological system being as far as possible adhered to in this department also. The fourth room will contain objects of art, such as jewels, beads, necklaces, and scarabs, of which a long historical series will be exhibited. One case will contain examples of the best kind of the blue glaze, for which the Egyptian potters were so remarkable at different periods; and the visitor will see another proof of what has often been remarked already, that the potter's blue varied according to the prosperity of the period at which he lived. The work is progressing so rapidly, that in a very few months we may hope to see our entire Egyptian collection rearranged on a system intelligible and instructive; contrived, no longer to puzzle, but to guide the visitor, and to make the study of the oldest art in the world comparatively simple and easy.

THE HUMOURS OF FEDERATION MEETINGS.

MR. PICTON'S resolution," we read in the *Daily News* of Tuesday, "in favour of removing the duties on tea, coffee, and cocoas" was passed unanimously. Mr. Picton may be heartily congratulated on the rapidity with which he has brought this important subject within the range of practical politics. His success is so great that a Liberal Government will be bound to provide for a free breakfast-table without delay. Indeed, the only doubt is [le] it was well known before that the thing was on the cards] whether the present Ministry may not forestall Mr. Gladstone, and devote part or the whole of Mr. Goschen's surplus to this purpose. *But in any case the credit will belong to Mr. Picton and the Liberal party.*" When we meet a brave man with a sense of humour we take our hats off to him; and we have seldom been more in this attitude of *chapeau bas* than towards the writer of these lines. Of course he may be only a stupid man who believes what he says; but to hold this would be to take too gloomy a view of human nature. We prefer to think him one who knows that a devotee of Mr. Gladstone will stand anything; and though we could not, or because we could not, equal his exploit, we admire him sincerely. Of such is—not exactly the Kingdom of Heaven, but—the Republic of another place. You get together a perfectly irresponsible caucus, and you propose motions to it—motions which, it may be, are in effect a score years old or thereabouts, and are acquiesced in by every party, with the proviso "when it can be done with safety to the public." You pass them; and if the whole or part of your motion takes effect at any time afterwards, "the whole credit is due" to you. So did George Borrow's bagman "demolish the Corn-laws" somewhere about 1840, and when the Corn-laws were, in fact, abolished, "the whole credit was due," teste the *Daily News*, to the bagman. This little matter is really interesting, because it is so excellent an example of what the value of these meetings (transported from America into surroundings quite other than American) is. Their strength lies in what we have already called their irresponsibility. If, to continue, with apologies, to quote our admirable *D.N.*, the duty or any part of the duty is taken off tea, coffee, and cocoa, at any future time, "the whole credit will be due" to Mr. Picton and the tailors of Tooley Street. If none is taken off, it will not be Mr. Picton's or the tailors of Tooley Street's fault. *Securi judicant*; a new but strictly classical sense of *securus*. When Conservative caucuses do things of this kind, the leaders rap them on the knuckles, a tribute to political honesty which Gladstonian leaders naturally have no intention of following. If Mr. Goschen has a surplus, and does not so use it, a stick to beat Mr. Goschen is ready; if at some future time Mr. Gladstone, or that almost inconceivable Government which is to succeed Mr. Gladstone, has a surplus, and does not so use it, there will be, of course, plenty of excuses to make. In short, "I'll have the turkey, and you shall have the buzzard; or you shall have the buzzard, and I'll have the turkey; I can't say fairer nor that."

But these were by no means the only japes which refreshed the souls of a thirsty federation, very moderately slaked by Mr. Gladstone's eloquence, and not by any means quenched by the sudden "turning on" of Sir William Harcourt. As far as it is possible for outsiders to understand the feelings of Gladstonians, we should judge that they were profoundly dissatisfied with the first, and not excessively stimulated by the second. But when these oppressive high persons had gone away, and Mr. Picton and Professor Stuart and Sir Wilfrid Lawson and that Apostle of Veracity, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, were left to their own devices, things improved. Mr. Gladstone had said very little about the "social question"; nothing at all about Heptarchical Home Rule. If that curious "Radical"—too genuine-voiced to be a hoax—who wrote to the *Times* the other day, and said that Mr. Gladstone would never get rid of the evil influence of Eton and Oxford, had actually gone to Manchester, we fear that his anticipated disgust would have been real. But with Mr. Picton and Professor Stuart, with Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Reverend Mr. Tuckwell, there was balm. We have even forgotten that "noble lady," Mr. Stansfeld, who decided that long Parliaments must be shortened. In his experience of long Parliaments Mr. Stansfeld,

we may admit, has not been happy; the longer the Parliaments the greater the opportunity for Mr. Stansfeld to show what he is made of, and the unfortunate result is that a politician who some twenty years ago was still thought of as a politician who might "come," is now thought of only as a politician who may go—to Ireland and other places, where the old political moon goes. And then there came Mr. F. A. Channing, who, in the perhaps unavoidable absence of Mr. Conybeare, loyally does duty as witness that Oxford can write herself down as well as Cambridge i' faith, even though Professor Stuart be there. Mr. F. A. Channing quoted Sydney Smith on the subject of "unalterable fools." Was not this a little, just a very little, rash? Him followed that consistent and important politician, Mr. Winterbotham, who "thought they should demand the reacquisition of the land by the State." But what the State after reacquiring was to do with it, Mr. Winterbotham said not. Nevertheless, he was sure that something must "raise the wages of the agricultural labourer, and improve his position all round." It is so easy to improve a thing all round, so facile to let the one bucket go up without the other bucket going down. And still in a crescendo came the Reverend W. Tuckwell, whom we are always glad to see on any platform. The Rev. W. Tuckwell talked (according to the *Daily News*, on which we throw the whole responsibility of the quotation) about the "brutal farmer." A strong effort, not for the first time, is being made to induce the farmer to believe that Gladstonians are his friends. Let him, only let him, listen to the Reverend W. Tuckwell and his adjective. Farmer is good; "brutal farmer" is good; and by their adjectives shall the farmer know his friends. It is true, of course, that the antecedents of this clerical person render his words somewhat difficult of interpretation. From a famous passage in his history it would appear that the Reverend W. Tuckwell may only have called the farmer brutal under stress of caucus, that his tongue may have said "brutal" while his mind meant "angelic." But this distinction may not commend itself to the downright agriculturist. "Brutal farmer" is worth keeping; we thank the Reverend W. Tuckwell for the word.

Unkind reporters have assigned so small a place to Professor Stuart and others that we have no opportunity of criticizing their doubtless interesting utterances. Captain Verney suggested to the agricultural labourers that there were pumps to put people under, or, in his own words, that "a catastrophe" might come if the agricultural labourer was not properly bribed. And then the caucus listened to the Marquess of Ripon. We have often wondered what are the real feelings of meetings composed in part of tolerably intelligent men when they listen to this unfortunate person. Except Sir Robert Peel, there is probably no man living who has had such opportunities as the Marquess of Ripon, and has thrown them away so utterly. Driven through absolute incompetence in each from place to place, kicked upstairs to perhaps the highest position, short of the Prime Ministership, open to an Englishman, and found through mere incapacity mischievously hopeless in that—he has come back to England to have insults to his order thrown in his face at public meetings, and to express his satisfaction with them and his readiness to bear anything in the service of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Compton, who followed him later, scarcely deserves such hard words. A well-intentioned and weak-minded heir to a peerage often plays Radical for a time, and no great harm is done; for a *fruit sec* like Lord Ripon there is no hope. But between those two came that other "unfortunate nobleman," Sir Wilfrid Lawson, to provide "cheers and laughter." "Oh, the dreary, dreary laughter; oh, the barren, barren cheer!" Yet Sir Wilfrid, for the first time, to our knowledge, for many years, made a really good point, and they did not laugh. "To argue seriously against a hereditary legislature would be an insult to their understanding," he said. Alas! it would. To argue seriously before an audience of persons not sensible, is the most hopeless and unforgivable insult to the foolish understanding that can be conceived.

To pass in review such speakers as these may be agreeable enough for the political partisan. We could not, for our own parts, wish any party to which we were opposed other leaders than Messrs. Picton and Stuart, Channing and Winterbotham, than the Apostle of Political Veracity, than Lord Ripon and (though we own we have some compunction in this case) Lord Compton—than, above all, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. To expect political leaders of this class to have brains might be excessive. Not many men have these at any time; and, when you have provided for the chief actors in each party, you cannot expect the *comparases* to have much left for their share. But such *comparases* as these are rare. And yet it may be admitted that there is a certain propriety about them after all. The Gladstonian party does not like the clergy; and it may be admitted that, if all the clergy were like the Reverend W. Tuckwell, the sooner the Church of England is disestablished, disendowed, merged in any sect or schism that has ever existed, the better. The Gladstonian party does not like titles, and it may be admitted that three such examples of the failure of titles to secure brains for their holders as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, as Lord Ripon, and, in another way, as Lord Compton, would be hard to find. It does not like Universities, and if the products—distinguished in a way, endowed, experienced—of University life were, even in a majority, such as Mr. Channing and Mr. Stuart, then the prayer of every rational son of Oxford and of Cambridge would be "Down with them! down with them! even to

the ground." And so this curious party combines its leaders and its awful examples in one—a proceeding startling at first sight, but economical, ingenious, and no doubt effective. No man can scruple much to pray for the ending of the House of Lords when he thinks merely of Lord Ripon, of the Universities when he thinks merely of Professor Stuart, of the Church when he thinks merely of Mr. Tuckwell. Gladstonians wish to concentrate their thought on such examples, and they keep the examples in evidence accordingly. For the children of this world are in their generation—but the text is something musty.

SIDE LIGHTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE PRISONS OF PARIS UNDER THE REVOLUTION.

IT has been observed since the production of *The Dead Heart*, at the Lyceum Theatre, that the scene in the third act, the only comic one in the piece, in which the condemned, peeping through the bars of their prison doors, jest with one another, and at the expense of their gaoler, could never have happened. Strange, however, as it may appear, similar scenes were of frequent occurrence in almost every one of the prisons of Paris from 1792 to 1794. If we wish to form an idea of what a political prison in Paris was during that awful period, the Reign of Terror, we must get rid of all preconceived notions of prison life. For in this, as almost everything else, the first Republic was conspicuously original. It should be remembered that by far the greater number of the prisons had only a few years previously been monasteries—therefore, in no way fitted for their terrible transformation. Again, the number of prisoners was so great, and the changes among them so constant, that very little or no order could be observed, and the unlucky wretches once inside the grim and well guarded portals were allowed to do pretty well as they liked. Fortunately, among the thousands of victims of revolutionary tyranny, many survived, and have left us interesting memoirs and details of how they spent their time in confinement. These documents, which have been carefully preserved in the national archives of France, can be verified on reference to the drier official records still extant of the different prisons. The principal prisons were Plessis, Louis-le-Grand, both of which had only recently been famous public colleges, the Hôtel de la Force, a part of the Palace of Luxembourg, the ex-convents of the Carmelites, the Abbaye, and St. Lazare, the Châtelet, Conciergerie, the Madelonnettes, and Port Libre. Of these the most horrible was the Châtelet, situated where now stands the theatre of the same name. It had been a prison for centuries, was filthily dirty, and only a few years ago, when improvements were being made in the neighbourhood where it once stood, horrible dungeons and oubliettes were discovered. The Conciergerie, for ever famous as the prison of Marie Antoinette, was originally part of the Palace of St. Louis, King of France. With the exception of the cell in which the unfortunate Queen was confined, it was spacious and, comparatively speaking, cheerful. There were, however, some ugly dungeons under a vast Gothic hall, which was used as a revolutionary tribunal, and which in the last century was popularly known as the Hall of Héloïse and Abélard. It has unfortunately long since disappeared, and, indeed, of the old Conciergerie nothing now remains but a few walls and the two little rooms which are consecrated to the memory of Marie Antoinette. A vast courtyard divided by an iron grating served as a promenade for the prisoners, the women being on the one side, the men on the other, and in another huge Gothic hall, likewise cut in two by an iron railing, the men and women were permitted to pass the evening, and to spend the day when wet. They could thus easily communicate with each other. In order to give as concise an account as possible of prison life in 1793, we will confine ourselves almost exclusively to Port Libre—of which an interesting description is given in the Diary of Coittan, which appeared in 1815 in *Le Tableau des Prisons de Paris*. At Port Libre, an immense building, once a religious institution, the men and women assembled together at dinner, and spent the evening in each other's company. If a prisoner had money, especially at the Conciergerie, he was able, at least when the infamous Brassier was gaoler, to secure a private bedroom and a good many comforts and luxuries, otherwise his food was of the commonest, and very scant. Some idea may be formed of the mixed state of society in these prisons by referring to the register of Port Libre, commonly known as La Bourbe, and to Coittan. On September 17, 1793, we find among the prisoners the Baron de Witterbach, one of the greatest violinists of the eighteenth century (who, by the way, was permitted to bring his instrument with him, and frequently delighted the company by performing upon it); the Duchess d'Ayen, aged 84, and afterwards decapitated with her daughter the Vicomtesse de Noailles, the Princess de Mouchy, La Bord, a well-known member of the Montagne; Cuny, a valet of the late Marquis de Coigny (he attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a sharp stone a few hours before he was taken to be guillotined), the whole of the family of the Marquis de Villiers de Montien, father, mother, a son, and two daughters; the Marquise de Bussy and her charming daughter, aged 18, who had insisted upon accompanying her mother to prison; the Marquis de Sombreuil and his son and daughter, the latter one of the great

heroines of the Revolution, who, it will be remembered, threw herself before her father to save him from the assassins at the Force during the horrible massacres of September. Another prisoner, who arrived a few days later, was Laride, the well-known actor from the Théâtre Français. He came in company with a charming little boy of the name of Croisne, fifteen years of age, who had a turn for improvising poetry, but whom neither talent nor grace saved from the guillotine, and, finally, Malesherbes and his family, which included the Rosemeaus, and several ladies and gentlemen of rank. These unfortunate people fraternized with each other, and here is a description of how they passed the evening:—"We usually spent the earlier part of the evening after supper, which was very bad, in what had been the dining-room of this prison when it had been a religious institution. The ladies, elegantly but simply dressed, brought their knitting and sat at the round table, whilst the men played cards and dominoes. A little later we joined in conversation; our friend the violinist Witterbach performed some of his divine melodies, and occasionally some one recited verses usually the reverse of favourable to the Republic. We sang, we laughed, we even made love. Trifling incidents became of deep interest to us. Thus, on one occasion, a handsome young man stole a diamond-mounted watch belonging to one of the prisoners. He was caught red-handed and transferred to another prison. Three or four days afterwards we heard that he had been guillotined. Again, one night Vigée, who had written a really fine poem in honour of Mademoiselle Sombreuil, in which he described the horrors of the 2nd September and the heroic manner in which that young lady had saved her father's life, recited it for our benefit amidst thunders of applause." Politics naturally absorbed the greater part of the conversation, and, as a rule, although there were valiant Republicans among the prisoners, and equally staunch Royalists, great politeness reigned, and there was considerable wit and refinement. The dread roll-call, however, frequently interrupted these harmonious parties, and then agonizing scenes took place. The departure of the virtuous Malesherbes, for instance, and his family, for the guillotine, produced a vivid impression upon all the prisoners, who accompanied them, as far as they were permitted, to the door. Here is an entry of the 2nd January, 1794:—"A piteous incident occurred to-day. The mother of Rosemeau, who had quite lost her head with grief, was summoned to her terrible end. Lividly pale, she rose from her chair where she had been sobbing violently, and approaching Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, said to her: 'Good-bye, my child, you had the courage to defend your father's life, I shall have the courage to see my husband and children die,' and with these words she left the prison for ever." Horrible mistakes occasionally occurred. The gaoler one morning cried out that he wanted the Citizen Vigne. There happened to be two prisoners of the same name, one a lad of 15, who was playing at bowls on the green in the centre of the cloister, another an old man of 70. The boy answered innocently, on hearing his family name cried out; he was evidently not wanted, but the gaoler took him off all the same, observing as he did so "that one prisoner was as good as another." The rapid changes of administration, the rise and fall of the demagogues, sometimes in a few hours, occasioned the utmost confusion, so that there is nothing surprising to anybody who has studied attentively the Reign of Terror in the incident of Citoyen Landry, the hero of *The Dead Heart*, passing in a few hours from the awful position of Chief of Section to the guillotine. On the night of March 25, 1794, Lacroix gave a remarkable dinner party at which about a dozen persons were present, including Sébastien Lacroix, Dufourny, Ricord, Barras, Varlet, General Lapoype, and Momoro. On April 15 every one of them, with the exception of three, perished on the scaffold. It is not surprising, either, that a gaoler should be confused as to the identity of his prisoners, for in less than six months the gaolers at the Madelonnettes were changed five times—that is to say, four of them were sent under one pretext or another to the scaffold. At Plessis, for some reason which has not been known, all the employés of the prison were arrested in March 1794, and only four out of fourteen escaped death. In short, a man who was at the acme of power one day could not be certain if he would be alive in a week. The fall from power of Hébert, one of the most terrible personages of the time, took less than thirty hours—that is to say, he was arrested by a sudden shift of the political kaleidoscope when he held Paris as it were in the palm of his hand, dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned one day and executed the next. Then, considering the *laissez-aller* of the innumerable prisoners, the frequent changes made amongst them, the terrible confusion that existed in every department of administration, and all over the city, it is not very remarkable that the most extraordinary blunders should occur. Many of the prisoners, too, changed their names, and as the whole administration of the city was in the hands of people the majority of whom could not read or write, such trifles as executing one man or woman for another were scarcely worth troubling about, for during the worst period of 1794, when the famine was raging, it really appeared a matter of supreme indifference who was guillotined, providing that the fell instrument was kept well supplied with victims. In a necessarily brief article it is impossible to give more than a vague idea of the condition of the prisons of Paris during the Revolution; but, since the matter has been very much discussed, it may prove of interest to state that even such an apparently improbable legend as that which M. Renan selected for his drama, *L'Abbé de Jouarre*, is by no means an extravagant story; in point of fact, such instances of singular depravity occurred again and again.

A very striking fact is that scarcely a prisoner complains of having his pockets rifled, and instances of robbery were exceedingly rare. The prisoners, once arrested, do not seem to have been searched. After the Massacre of the Force, a large sum of money was found in the pockets, and recovered by the survivors of the victims. It is not generally known that the agent of Mme. de Lamballe, the day after her death, had her clothes and money restored to him. In May, 1794, a decree was issued by the Commune demanding that the bodies of the decapitated should be carefully searched before burial. In this month the average number of victims was always over a hundred a day, and it increased until the death of Robespierre, when this appalling period of history came to an abrupt end.

THE PERILS OF THEATRICAL TOURING.

ILLNESS and, in some cases we regret to say, death have been so busy this autumn in the ranks of the touring theatrical companies that public attention is now directed, and that not before it was time, to the sanitary, or rather insanitary, conditions by which these companies are surrounded; and it is to be hoped that the public attention so aroused will not permit itself to be satisfied with anything short of a radical change in the existing state of affairs.

The actor's life, even under the most favourable conditions (in a good London theatre, that is to say, where he holds, perhaps, a position comparatively permanent), is necessarily attended by certain risks to health. His hours are late; but on that point we consider undue stress is sometimes laid, as, though late, they are, or at any rate can be made, regular. Of far greater danger are the sudden changes of temperature and the exposure to draughts to which an actor is liable. It is inseparable from the exercise of his calling that he should expose himself to the night air as soon as he leaves his work; heated in body, and perhaps excited in mind, he quits the close and heated atmosphere of the theatre, to await at some windy street-corner or railway-station his suburban omnibus or train. He must wear as much or as little clothing as his part and the aesthetic dictates of his manager require, and so clothed or the reverse must encounter the draughts which theatrical architects have not yet learned to exclude from the stage and its coulisses. These are the necessary evils of the actor's calling, a part and parcel of his daily business; but there are other dangers which it is very clear he now incurs (in town as well as in the country—though the plight of the country actor is undeniably the worse) from which he may justly claim to be protected, and from which the public, whose servant he is, and for whose benefit he at present incurs these risks, should insist on his protection. These dangers arise from the utterly insanitary state of many theatres both in town and country, aggravated and intensified, in the case of the touring actor, by the perils of journeys and the perils of lodgings. That this last class of risk is more to be dreaded than that arising from changes of temperature is shown by the fact that the recent sad fatalities among actors have been due more often to typhoid than to bronchitis or kindred ailments.

It may be conceded that in a theatre the last place to which architectural reform makes its way is that mysterious region known as "behind the scenes." At last in the very newest of our London houses the actors are being permitted to share in some degree the comforts of their audiences; but there are many houses in which every resource of the modern decorator's art is lavished on the front of the house, while the appliances of the dressing-rooms would be rejected with scorn from the bedrooms of domestic servants. Cracked crockery, a ragged carpet (or in many cases bare boards, none too clean), broken windows mended with brown paper, windows without blinds, or with blinds that will not work, whitewashed walls whose whitewash comes off on the clothes hung against it, and wherein is inscribed in various coloured "grease-paints" the wit of previous occupants—such are the artistic and lively surroundings which the actor encounters in only too many dressing-rooms; it needs not to have travelled much to have met them all and many more of like nature. These, however, are but inconveniences; the charge against our theatres is one far more serious than of mere lack of comfort, and is no less than that many of them, especially in the country, are in a state injurious to health and actually dangerous to life.

It is undoubtedly difficult, with the limited amount of ground-space usually at the command of theatrical architects, to find any place for the dressing-rooms on the level of the stage itself, where what extra accommodation there may be is usually reserved for the storage of scenery and properties, and perhaps for a "green room," though that luxury is now by no means universal. To reach his dressing-room the actor must expect either to mount to the level of the "flies"—the galleries above the height of the loftiest scenery, from which the stage-carpenters do much of their work—or descend to the cellars. Dressing-rooms are accordingly to be found in all sorts of strange holes and corners; they are reached almost invariably by wooden staircases, often of great age; while all staircases in the front of the house are of stone or other incombustible material. Moreover, being so eccentrically placed as to convey the idea that in many cases they are but an afterthought of the contriver of the building, dressing-rooms are, as often as not, entirely without windows or any means of ventilation to the outer air; in fact, they are but cupboards, and some-

times underground cupboards, to which no lover of animals would dream of consigning a valuable horse or dog. If the dressing-room has a window, it is frequently no unmixed advantage to its occupants when the outlook is to some unsavoury court or to a mere well of brickwork in the heart of a closely-massed block of buildings. But the greatest of all dangers to health "behind the scenes" consists undoubtedly in the unsatisfactory state of the drainage and of the water-supply, and in the inefficient manner in which the operation of cleaning—the charwoman's department, in fact—is too often performed.

Let any one with a sensitive nose venture behind the scenes of some of our London and many of our provincial theatres, and to such a one the recent disasters to our travelling companies will cease to be matter for wonder. Sewer-gas asserts itself; the water-supply comes through ill-kept taps from ill-cleaned cisterns; while the walls and floors (especially in the case of underground dressing-rooms) are frequently so damp as to render the actor's clothes an additional scourge of danger. The sort of "dual control" which the system of touring has established in our country theatres helps to keep alive the present uncomfortable and insanitary state of things. The resident provincial manager has no special interest in the actors who week after week use his dressing-rooms; save when he produces his pantomime at Christmas-time, the performers in his theatre owe allegiance, not to him, but to another impresario, and would resent any interference on his part in their business. He therefore regards them as a means of ensuring his weekly receipts, and would grudge any outlay which would not be repaid to him by the public during their stay. The travelling manager would probably, if he noticed any shortcoming in the sanitary arrangements of the theatre, pass it over, and hope for better luck in the next town of his tour, and would assuredly consider it an act of "cutting off his nose to spite his face" if (as has been suggested) he were to boycott for its insanitary condition a theatre which in all other respects it paid him well to visit; while, as regards the actors themselves, the supply in the histrionic market is so far in excess of the demand, that a protest which might involve the loss of a good engagement is not to be lightly made, while no one with any knowledge of the theatrical calling would expect any combined action on the part of the performers, who have never manifested that knack of "hanging together" for mutual assistance which the managers with their smaller numbers and more ready means of communication possess.

The real remedy seems to lie in the hands of the licensing authorities in town and country. Let those in whose power it is to say whether a theatre shall, or shall not, be allowed to open its doors to the public extend those researches with which they have so freely and justly benefited the audience to the actor, let them be convinced by the same minute personal inspection which assures, as far as possible, the safety of the gallery boy from fire, that an actor on entering his dressing-room is not placing himself in deadly peril from casualty or from disease. We mentioned above that the actor on tour incurs other dangers from which his more stationary fellow in town is free, the dangers of travel and of strange lodgings. As regards the former, his risks exceed those of an ordinary traveller, as regards the amount of his journeys, and the conditions under which they are performed. In all railway travelling there is risk, and, *ceteris paribus*, the man who travels ten miles incurs double the risk of the man who travels five; and, as the average weekly journey of a theatrical company is estimated by competent authorities at ninety miles, or thereabouts, actors so employed are not as safe as they would be in the Strand. But the disadvantage of the provincial performer does not quite end there; for, as his journeys are, as a rule, undertaken on Sundays, and not unfrequently at night, he is deprived of the rest which the Londoner can enjoy on that day, and is subject to all the inconveniences of Sunday travelling, crawling trains, long waits at uncomfortable junctions, and the like.

The dangers of travel, however, are as nothing compared to those encountered in provincial lodgings. There are, of course, experienced actors who have been years "on the road" to whom are known in almost every town in the kingdom what their landladies love to see described in their visitors' book of reference as "homes from home"; but hundreds of provincial actors go week after week into towns of which they know nothing and chance haphazard, or with some very casual recommendation, on the first rooms that present themselves. Too tired of travel, it may be, to make a lengthy search, too inexperienced to observe for themselves or ask the necessary questions, they fall victims to an untrapped drain or to damp sheets, and swell the melancholy list of those who owe the loss of health, it may be of life itself, to the present system of theatrical touring.

LIFE INSURANCE.

AT the opening meeting of the current session of the Institute of Actuaries last week the President, Mr. Sutton, delivered an address upon the business of life insurance as at present conducted which is well deserving the attention of intending insurers. The first point on which he commented was the necessity for an amendment of the Act of 1870. The Act has undoubtedly proved beneficial; but it was tentative, and very soon experienced persons began to feel that it was in many respects defective. The

feeling has grown stronger as years have passed by; but yet no fresh legislation has taken place. Mr. Sutton especially points out that there is need for fuller information being given by the Companies. In the accounts referred to the Board of Trade annually, for example, no separation is made of business with or without profit; none, again, of commissions and expenses between new and old business; none, either, as to the number of policies issued or becoming claims, or lapsing or surrendered; and none, finally, as to the sums assured and the premium payable. These, as the President of the Institute justly remarks, are all matters as to which particulars could easily be furnished; and we may add that they are matters, also, which ought to be known by intending insurers. How else can they form a correct judgment as to the real position of the different offices? But the defective information does not stop here. The returns under the Act do not at present enable us to ascertain what policies are taken credit for as assets in any particular account, and it is, therefore, impossible to apply this test of solvency. The Act of 1870, it will be borne in mind, gives power to the Board of Trade, upon the application of a Company or with its consent, to alter the forms contained in the schedules to the Act; but no alteration has, in fact, been made. Mr. Sutton urges upon the best-managed offices that they should now move in the matter; that they should, that is to say, give fuller information, such as would carry into effect the intention of the Act of 1870; and, if they do not, he warns them that a cry will arise for more stringent legislation than even the best-managed offices will like. It is to be hoped that the advice of the President of the Institute of Actuaries will be followed. If not, it will become the duty of Parliament to amend the Act, and so obtain the information to which the public has a right.

But the main part of Mr. Sutton's address was devoted to a subject to which we have called attention more than once in these columns—namely, the rapid increase in the expenses as compared with the premium income. Using tables annually published by the *Statist*, we were able to carry back our comparison over ten years. Mr. Sutton goes to a still earlier date—namely, 1872—but while we compared the whole of the Companies making returns to the Board of Trade, and classified them in four orders, he deals only with thirty-three offices, and he treats them altogether. The result, however, goes to confirm what we have observed in this journal—namely, that the expenses are growing at a dangerously rapid rate. In 1872 the thirty-three Companies dealt with by Mr. Sutton had an aggregate premium income of £116,109. Last year the aggregate premium income had risen to £178,111. The premiums, therefore, had increased a little under two millions, or somewhat over 38 per cent. On the other hand, the total expenses of the thirty-three Companies in 1872 amounted to £59,532. Last year they had risen to £98,944. The expenses, it will be seen, increased nearly 400,000, or about 63½ per cent. It will be seen that the growth of expenses has been nearly twice as rapid as the growth of income. Carrying his analysis a little further, Mr. Sutton points out that the commissions paid by the offices to agents of all kinds for bringing fresh business amounted in 1872 to 3·88 per cent. of the whole premium income, and last year they were 4·35 per cent. of the premium income. On the other hand, the expenses of management rose from 7·89 to 9·48 per cent. The expenses of management, then, or what may be called the office expenses, have grown more rapidly than the commissions, and the President of the Institute of Actuaries attributes this to the fact that the Companies have been opening branch offices instead of, as formerly, conducting their business from the head offices, the branch offices being necessarily managed almost as expensively as the head office. Evidently he would advise the suppression of the branch offices and reversion to the old practice. It is urged by the Companies that the public do not recognize the value of life insurance, that they will not themselves insure unless solicited, and that if the business were to be, as of old, conducted from the head offices, the Companies would die out. There is undoubted force in this objection. We all know what little progress has been made in Government insurance. No doubt the Government insures only for a small amount, and the classes it proposes to do business with are the poor. But still there can be no question, we think, that the main cause of the little progress made by Government insurance is, that canvassers are not employed. The fact that all offices, or nearly all, now employ agents and canvassers, is strong presumptive proof that the business was not increasing very largely, and that the management, therefore, felt the need of adopting a more energetic policy. But it may reasonably be asked, if this is so, would it not be better for a Company to allow its business to gradually decrease rather than to extend it at a ruinous cost? A really well-managed small Company may be quite as safe as a very large Company—nay, it may be far safer. It would be easy to point to some old offices whose business has been declining, and yet which are as solvent as any existing, and it is clearly better for the policy-holders in those offices that the business should decrease, and their own policies should remain perfectly safe, rather than that new business should be sought out at a cost that would risk the safety of existing policies. It will be difficult to induce directors and managers to recognize this fact. Unfortunately the public inclines to the belief that an office which does a very large business, and has immense funds, is more solvent than a stationary or declining office; failing to recognize that an immense business may be built up at too great a cost. The fact being so, it is natural that directors and managers should feel

it incumbent on them to exert themselves for the purpose of attracting new business. But, while we are inclined to agree with Mr. Sutton that the new practice of extending branch offices is dangerous, and ought to be checked, we think that he makes too little of another cause of the increase of expenses—namely, the growth of commissions. True, the commissions do not appear to have grown as rapidly since 1872 as the office expenses; but the commissions for all that are very large, and are growing. An agent, pushing, energetic, and insinuating, in a position which brings him into communication with large numbers of the insuring class, may very powerfully influence these, and thus bring a great amount of business to an office. Such an agent is highly valued, and is able to insist upon large commissions being paid to him. It will be said, of course, that this is necessary, or the business would not be obtained. To which we reply with the question, Whom is it necessary to—the existing policy-holders, or the mere management?

One other important point is raised by Mr. Sutton—whether, that is to say, the medical examination to which all applicants are now subjected is not made to look more formidable than it need do. The value of medical examination is much controverted. Apparently the President of the Institute of Actuaries does not rate it very high. He seems to think that doctors do not confine themselves strictly to their proper functions, that they often speak with dogmatism not warranted by the present state of medical knowledge, and that they consequently discourage insurance. "The fact of medical examination alone," he says, "probably deters thousands upon thousands of persons, of quite as good health really as those who propose, from proposing at all." And, further, insurance is made more expensive to the policy-holders and to the Companies by making reports which lead either to rejection of the proposal or to a great addition to the premium charged. He suggests, therefore, a trial of the "experiment in ordinary life insurance business of constituting a without-profit branch at such higher premiums as may be considered necessary where the sum assured per individual should be limited to a moderate amount, the insurance to be a deferred insurance instead of immediate, and the medical examination taking a much less important and formidable shape than it does on paper, at all events at the present time, in consideration of the insurance not taking effect immediately." It has been objected that a deferred insurance is practically no assurance at all, and that there are instances in which it is not worth while to insure at all unless it can be done at once. But Mr. Sutton very carefully guards himself in the passage we have quoted above from being supposed to recommend the total abolition of medical examination. What he does suggest is an experiment added on to the present modes of doing business. No sensible body of directors would at once do away with the protection which medical examination affords; but in life assurance, as in everything else, progress can be safely effected only by cautious experiment. If it be true that thousands upon thousands are deterred from proposing by the fact that they will have to submit to a medical examination, surely it is worth while finding out whether those thousands upon thousands would be willing to accept a deferred policy and to pay a higher premium than ordinary, on condition that the medical examination should be either dispensed with altogether or made less stringent than it is now. If the experiment did not attract business, no harm would be done; if it did, and proved to be safe, it might be extended; and, if it could be extended, it would help, as Mr. Sutton points out, to bring intending assurers into immediate communication with the head office. He very justly remarks that many improvements have of late been introduced to make insurance more popular than it used to be; but he feels, all the same, that enough has not yet been done. Obstacles are interposed which he regards as unnecessary, and one of these, in his opinion, is the present character of the medical examination.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE only unusual feature in the large collection of nearly seven hundred paintings on view this winter at the Gallery in Suffolk Street is the presence of a few miniatures, none of them very good, and of some pastel drawings, among which two, at least—those by Mr. Shafer and Miss Dora Noyes—are strong enough to hold their own amongst their painted neighbours. It is needless to say that scenery predominates at Suffolk Street; the impression likely to be made on a foreigner by such a display of landscapes as this—after, of course, his never-failing remark upon the hopelessly gay colouring of the British school generally—would surely be one of admiration at the great variety of English scenery, with its extensive range of shades of tone, colour, and atmospheric effect that this island of ours presents. Our British river-scenery, in particular, must seem many-sided, with its shades of green running the gamut from pale lemon and keen citron down to olive and bay; although here at Suffolk Street these varieties of hue may in many cases be felt to be a little too strongly insisted upon. Among the landscapes, perhaps the most striking one is that of Mr. Frank Brangwyn (550), "Spinning Yarn," which has considerable harmony. It represents, as its name presupposes, a rope-walk, an outdoors one, con-

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sisting of a long sandy path, with wooden posts running all along one side and part of the other, with cross-beams here and there, over which the yarn extends. Two men step slowly and softly forwards, twisting the yarn between their fingers as they advance. It is all so quiet, with the unobtrusively blue sky, the calm pale foliage and herbage, and the cool transparent shadows, that it is a really reposeful canvas to rest the eye upon, especially after gazing at the numerous paintings around it, of hot brick reds and glauconous greens. The question of shade and obscuration is still one, apparently, but little understood by our English painters, who seem often to be frightened at their own shadows. Two paintings at Suffolk Street exemplify this—"The King and his Master" (339), by Mr. Laslett Pott, where the brightly coloured and lighted figures are shadowless; and a canvas of Mr. W. H. Pike's, where confusion reigns more than is usual amongst crowds, and where, despite the amount of detail and character-drawing that he has given to each member of the group, for want of an atmospheric quantity the figures cling together like the spawn of a frog. There are many pretty "bits" of landscape here. In "The Pond on the Common" (414), by Mr. J. H. Snell, the branch network of the trees is softly rendered, and the feeling of chilliness in the late afternoon air is well suggested. No. 426, "Meadow Sweet," by Mr. F. W. Jackson, is pretty; but why should it not have a fairer sky, instead of this heavy grey one, so surcharged with the hard East wind? A river-scene (471), by Mr. Horace H. Carty, is very correct and complete. Mr. Anderson Hague's pasty green trees in 347 are not so pleasant to contemplate; while the pretty country homestead (356), by Mr. Follen Bishop, is spoilt by the two frivolous town girls lounging on the garden wall. In 395, "Cowslip Gatherers," by Mr. W. B. Fortescue, if the bodices of the young women appear so gleamingly white, should not the cowslips be less dim in colour? "Amongst the Ling" (55), by Miss Ida R. Taylor, is disfigured by a crudely red and blue Japanese sunshade, which totally ruins the colour of the heather. In "A Sunny Morning" (591), by M. N. Vander Waay, an interesting experiment has been made; a cornfield of pure yellow, unvaried by any accidental touch of other colour, stretches from right to left, and in front of it is a figure in a poppy-red jacket; but we admit a preference for having our poppies mingled more diffusely amongst our corn. There is another point we cannot commend in our latest landscape-painters, their passion for so often disfiguring their landscapes by introducing into them unnecessary figures. If they suppose that it gives more importance to them they are mistaken, for it only tends to distract the attention. For instance, in 336, "A Mare Grazing," by Mr. H. M. Livens, we have a burnt grass-covered hillside, a tawny field, vanishing into a dreamy distance. Surely the beauty of this scene requires no figure. Another and more striking instance is in "A Flower Garden, Little Shelford, Cambs" (464), by Mr. V. P. Yglesias. The foreground is rendered important by large flowers, all in a row as in the classical Mary's garden, but between their stalks are seen some tiresome and quite superfluous figures in mid-distance, which detract from the effect of the flowers.

There are many excellent and charming sea-scapes here, among which "The Home of the Sea Fowl" (335), by Mr. Horace Carty, is one of the best. It shows the gem-like Devonshire coast, with its cliffs clad with golden lichens, and fringed with the pink thrift, the amethyst blue of the sea gleaming beyond; truly a most refreshing outlook to dwellers in London. Compared with this, "Sunny Cornwall" (490), by Mr. W. H. Y. Titcombe, looks rough, which it literally is, as if it needed some scraping down. "Grandfather" (619), a strip of sea-beach, by Miss Flora M. Reid, is charming; it looks so delightfully wet! But in "Trawlers at Anchor" (215), by Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram, a pleasant enough plain little picture, the front sea gives the impression of standing upright, on edge as it were—these flat surfaces being difficult to render without the aid of a little parallel drawing. We must mention but one more picture of the sea, and that shall be "Homewards" (429), by Mr. F. Cayley Robinson; this is a most original and fascinating painting. It represents, on a large canvas, a stretch of queer tan-coloured wet sands, with the meandering tidal rivulets coursing their way back to the distant sea, which is seen as a smack-besailed line on the horizon. Strange Druid-like erections, of black and white piles, stand up high against the sky. Two fisher-girls cross the sands, returning with their baskets; but the blue clothes of the one and the copper-red hair of the other seem a little too bright for the general low tone of this otherwise satisfactory composition.

Of figure-pieces, No. 588, by Mr. W. H. Pike, is certainly a very clever piece of characterization; it suggests well one of Dickens's seedy, smart, and needy personages. "Cupid and Psyche" (605), by Mr. F. H. A. Parker, is, with its dim light and its dreamy figures, rather charming. Mr. Van der Waay's "Meditation" (617) is large and ugly; but the white-aproned knees of the figure are well painted. "Going to Mass" (88), by Mr. F. Colman, is an excellent study of a boy in a religious procession; it is good in colour and solidly handled. Mr. Walter Langley has a most completely attuned study here—"Interesting News" (210)—of an old man reading a paper. This is solid good work; the several tones of white are well rendered; but might not the white of the newspaper itself have been more boldly given?

We are unable to decide which pictures seem to us to be the worst. No. 80 is carefully bad; 400 is theatrically worse; but we think, on the whole, perhaps 601, with its lay-figure lady

sprawling on the ground, is the worst of all. Nor should the painting of Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the President, be overlooked by the curious observer, particularly the most strange elation of the saints (542). We should like to understand better the anatomy of the two young ladies in "Dolce far Niente" and in "An Old World Melody." In the one a young lady, clad in bright blue, with sample-bright shades of yellow, carmine, pink, and green around her, is nursing her knee, which has apparently no downward continuation to it at all. And, in the other painting, a little note to explain whether the reclining figure on the couch has its front or its back to the spectator would prevent unnecessary distraction; we ourselves incline to think that at first it was intended for back, but that the picture seemed to compose better by turning it round. We have often heard it said that many of the Great Masters have been unable to "find their subject" until they have turned it entirely round. Perhaps this may throw some light on that obscure practice of theirs.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer paid this week to the County Councils nearly two millions as a contribution in aid of local taxation. The money has been lent out, and has so depressed the rate of interest in the short loan market, that in many cases bankers have been unable to lend at all. The rate of discount also fell so much that it has become profitable to export gold to many countries which hitherto could not take it without a loss. During the week ended Wednesday night there was withdrawn from the Bank of England about 370,000*l.* It is expected that about 400,000*l.* will be taken for Spain, Germany also wants the metal, and now preparations are being made to send it to New York. The probability, therefore, is that the excessive ease this week will be followed by a scare next week, and that rates will rise as unduly as they have fallen. The Bank of Spain is permitted by law to issue notes to the extent of four times its metallic reserve. As it has been lending lavishly to the Government, it practically reached the limit some time ago. Therefore it became necessary to obtain gold, and it is understood that arrangements have been made for a million sterling. That, however, exhausts the credit of the Government, but it enables the Bank of Spain to increase very considerably its advances.

The Report of the Secretary of the United States Treasury has caused a fall in silver and in rupee paper, for his plan of issuing notes secured by the deposit of silver is regarded as utterly impracticable. Shortly stated, the plan is this—to issue Treasury Notes against the deposit of silver bullion at the market price of the silver when deposited, and payable on demand in such quantities of silver bullion as will equal in value at the date of presentation the number of dollars expressed on the face of the notes at the market price of silver, or in gold, at the option of the holder; at the same time, to repeal the Act making the coinage of silver compulsory. It is objected that, as nobody under the plan could foresee what amount of silver bullion he would get on presenting his notes for redemption, nobody would deposit the metal; and, further, it is objected that, if the plan were accepted and could be made to work, it would make the Secretary of the Treasury master of the silver industry. He could raise or lower prices as he liked, and stop or increase the issue of notes at his pleasure. The first objection does not appear a very strong one; but the second is exceedingly serious. It is hardly credible that the American people will entrust a Minister with such power. The failure of the plan ought not, however, so much to discourage the silver market; for it is certain that the silver party in the United States will introduce a Bill to increase the coinage, and there is every reason to believe that they will be able to carry it through both Houses of Congress. Of course the President has the right to veto the Bill when passed; and nobody can say now whether he will exercise that right or not. It does not seem likely that he will if the Secretary's plan is rejected; for the Secretary himself admits that some measure must be carried for keeping silver as well as gold as money.

Apart from Mr. Windom's plan, the causes affecting the silver market are in favour of better prices. The refusal of the India Council to sell on Wednesday at the prices tendered seems to indicate that the Council expects an improvement in silver, and, in fact, the Council has sold so many bills and telegraphic transfers already that it can maintain an independent attitude. Besides, the exports from India are very large, and consequently the Indian demand for silver is likely to be on a considerable scale for some months to come. The Mint, too, continues buying, and there are other demands to satisfy.

The stock markets have been weak and dull all through the week. The monthly *Liquidation* has been going on at the Paris Bourse, and the Berlin Bourse has not recovered from the difficulties of the *Liquidation* completed last week. Besides the prospect of renewed strikes in the coal trade has sent down the prices of mining shares, and threatens to increase the apprehended difficulties at the *Liquidation* at the close of this month. Then, again, the New York Stock Exchange has suffered from the fall in Trust shares which followed the decision of the Chicago Court referred to last week. Further, the effects of the Brazilian Revolution continue to make themselves felt; while the crisis in the Argentine Republic is likely to become more acute every day.

Over and above all this, the approach of the Christmas holidays and the end of the year, with the prospect of a dearer money market next week, discourage fresh business. And, lastly, there is danger of a serious strike in the South Wales coal trade, and the labour disputes all over the country are not encouraging to business.

Ever since the outbreak of the Brazilian revolution there have been rumours of an impending revolution in Spain. Possibly these rumours have been circulated by speculators, for no doubt there is a large speculative account open for the fall upon the Continental Bourses. But, on the other hand, the condition of Spain is very unsatisfactory, with financial difficulties affecting the Government, with the Cortes given over to party spirit, and with widespread discontent in the country. Spanish bonds have fallen during the week, and are expected to fall still further. As they are held very largely by Paris banks, the fall has given rise to various rumours respecting those banks, which are probably greatly exaggerated.

The nitrate Companies have agreed to stop working for a month, not to sell under 9*l.* a ton, and to take measures for pushing sales at home upon the Continent and in America. There has, therefore, been some renewal of interest in nitrate securities. For the time being they have rather gone out of fashion, other and newer securities having caught the public fancy. But the parties interested are powerful, and their exertions may not probably revive general interest in them once more.

Since the breakdown of the copper speculation in Paris the consumption of the metal has so increased that the deliveries during the seven months from the 1st of May to the end of November exceeded by fully one-third those for the whole year 1888, and were rather larger than those for the whole year 1886, when the price of copper was exceedingly low, only about 40*l.* a ton, additional evidence of the extraordinary activity of trade all over the world. To some extent, no doubt, the military preparations of all the great Governments of the world increased the consumption; but the increase in this way cannot have been very material. It is chiefly the demand for shipbuilding, telegraph, and telephone construction, and other trade purposes, which has produced so unexpected a result. The price of copper has been this week over 50*l.* a ton. At the time of the crisis in Paris it fell to about 35*l.* a ton, and if the consumption continues, there may be even a further advance, though doubtless production will now be stimulated by the recovery in the market. Copper-mining shares have all advanced along with the price of copper. All this unquestionably has relieved the Paris Bourse and the Paris bankers very greatly. The bankers who came to the assistance of the Comptoir d'Escompte have been able, it is said, already to get rid of a part of the copper which they took over, and no doubt will now be able to sell the rest on even better terms.

We are threatened with a serious strike in the South Wales coal trade. For some time there have been negotiations between the workmen and their employers. The workmen proposed that wages should be regulated by a sliding scale based upon the average selling price of coal. But the employers rejected the proposal. The men also proposed a maximum and minimum in the scale, which was likewise rejected. A further proposal was that all questions relating to the sliding scale should be referred to a joint committee for settlement, and this also was rejected; as was likewise another proposal that the hours of labour in future should be—for surface men nine hours a day, and for underground men eight hours. It is to be hoped that matters will not be allowed to go to extremes, as a strike of the kind would disorganize every industry in the country.

LA TOSCA.

IF *La Tosca* does not show M. Sardou at his best, as we hold to be the case, it contains work that is worthy of his reputation. He has true dramatic instinct and an ingenuity which serves him alike in such a piece of extravagant humour as *Divorçons*, in the genuine comedy of *Les Pattes de Mouche*, and in the tragedy of the play now being represented at the Garrick Theatre. The composition is so well known that we hesitate to dwell on its familiar points. In Messrs. Grove and Hamilton's English version it will be perceived, from the employment of the word husband, that Floria Tosca is the wife of Cavaradossi, and there seems no very particular reason why it should not be represented that their union has the sanction of the Church. If the suggestion of domesticity thus imported into the play to some extent interferes with the flavour of romance, the lovers' interview in the chapel of St. Andrea is thus made less scandalous; though, on the other hand, it does not indeed quite appear why husband and wife should make appointments to meet away from home; but such matters scarcely strike one during the progress of a play, though in the first two acts of *La Tosca* the movement of the story is so slow that there is much time for critical analysis if one be tempted to examine too curiously.

Mrs. Bernard Beere has previously given proof of her ability to follow successfully where Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has led the way, a task the difficulty of which may be easily underrated. The two are in many ways strangely unlike in their methods. There is little in Mrs. Beere's performance of the essentially feminine charm which pervades all that is done by the great French actress. The finesse which is so delightful in Mme.

Bernhardt's studies is absent from those of Mrs. Beere, who wins her way by sheer dramatic force wonderfully well sustained. It is, indeed, extraordinary that the very tempest, torrent, and whirlwind of passion should be, as it is here, unflaggingly kept up through more than half the play; for if the English *Tosca* is not always actually at fever heat, the fire never ceases perceptibly to smoulder just beneath the surface, as in the interview with Scarpia, in the fourth act—a scene wh'ch it may be remembered precisely reproduces the incidents of a play which the American actor, Mr. Maurice Barrymore, wrote and produced a few years ago at the Haymarket. Mrs. Beere's success is never in doubt from first to last as soon as the real test begins. When once she has realized the mental agonies of the *Tosca*, as Scarpia, stern and inflexible, bends over her, and tells her that the horrid work in the next room will continue or be suspended according as she speaks or is silent, the actress reaches a height from which it is felt that there is little likelihood of her falling. M. Berton struck us as unnecessarily violent as Scarpia in this scene. It may have been, as we suggested when writing about the play at the time, a desire to emphasize the fact that hot Southern blood ran in the Roman's veins; but he did not convey the idea of a really powerful man, for control of the outward exhibition of fury—or any prevailing passion, whatever it may be—is surely the truest indication of mental strength. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, the Garrick Scarpia, is judicious without being deficient in force, and Mr. Hare's good taste has induced him to tone down those pronounced signs of the torture, the shriek of agony, the blood-stained forehead, and so forth, which when the French work was played seemed to us beyond the legitimate limits of dramatic art. The episode is in every way more discreetly treated. The subdued and altered tone of Cavaradossi's voice as it issues from the inner chamber is just what it should be. Mr. Waller's utterances here could not be better, for they make perfectly plain what has been done, and yet are not painfully shocking, as the cry of the tortured man was at the Porte-St.-Martin, and when the play was given in London by the French company with Mme. Bernhardt at its head.

In the scene of Scarpia's murder Mrs. Beere was perhaps anxious not to overdo an obvious point, and so made a little less than she might have done of the *Tosca*'s glance at the knife on the supper-table, a glance which becomes a gaze of fixed intent as the thought passes through her mind that the sharp blade may enable her to escape the sacrifice the tyrant Scarpia has demanded as the price of her husband's life. Mrs. Beere's face does not here reveal her thoughts as vividly as they were revealed in the features of Mme. Bernhardt; and in another instance we think that the original *Tosca* was transcendent—the tone in which she spoke when left alone with her husband's body on the ramparts of St. Angelo after what she supposes to have been a sham execution. We are inclined to hold that nothing finer has been seen on the stage—and we will not put any limit of time to this remark—than Mme. Bernhardt's performance at this point. It is beyond all else clear that no shadow of doubt as to Mario having passed safely through the ordeal rests on her mind. There is supreme joy in her first half-cautious utterance of his name, and we feel distinctly, as she repeats it, how the germ of the doubt arises and grows till the horrible discovery is made that the beloved one, of whose safety she has been convinced, with whom she has anticipated bliss made the greater by remembrance of the terrors through which they have passed, lies dead at her feet. Mrs. Beere is very good, but not superlatively so. She faithfully expresses what she has to convey; but we do not hang breathlessly on her words and watch with the rapt attention which was the tribute paid to the genius of Mme. Bernhardt. We think, too, that in earlier scenes some little repression might well be occasionally introduced by Mrs. Beere. The passion is maintained at too high a pitch. Thus when, pleading to Scarpia, she asks, "Am I not humble enough?" a quieter tone—more of humility, in fact—would be better. There is in Mrs. Beere's *Tosca*, however, so much which deserves almost the highest praise, and so much more which merits cordial approbation, that it is necessary to judge her by the standard of little short of flawlessness in order to find very much fault. She powerfully impresses her audience, and—unless the genius of Miss Ellen Terry were brought to bear upon a character of a sort for which she has never shown any preference—it would be difficult to name an English actress other than Mrs. Beere who would be tolerable after Mme. Bernhardt.

We have commended Mr. Forbes-Robertson for his well-considered representation of Scarpia, and Mr. Lewis Waller for his treatment of Cavaradossi; but, in fact, the performance is good in all respects. Mr. Herbert Waring's earnestness as the hunted fugitive Angelotti must by no means be overlooked. His interview with Cavaradossi was so very naturally done that we followed it with particular interest, forgetting for a time the slow development of the story. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, again, gives character to the sketch of the Marchese Attavanti, a complaisant husband with just a little show of regard for appearances. The Marchesa has a *cavaliere servente*; and the most amusing thing in the play is Attavanti's reproach to him for ignorance of the lady's proceedings. "I am much hurt at your want of influence over my wife," is the complaint. The part of Maria Carolina, the Queen of Naples, is filled with all due dignity by Miss Rose Leclercq. The complete manner in which Mr. Hare has prepared *La Tosca* will be understood when it is remembered for how few minutes an actress of Miss

Leclercq's position appears on the stage. Mr. Sydney Brough, again, only occupies the boards for a very short time as Trevillac. Schiarrone dwells in the memory, though his voice is scarcely heard half a dozen times. He is an agent of police, one of Scarpia's following, and to him it falls to stand at the door of the torture-chamber and convey his master's orders to the executioner. The stern, upright figure, with the cold, hard-set face, is very striking. Mr. Charles Hudson is the representative of the part. Miss Bessie Hatton, who distinguished herself as the Prince in the recent revival of *Richard III.* at the Globe, plays with delightful brightness and ease as Gennarino, Cavaradossi's attendant. If the promise be fulfilled, we have in this very young lady an actress who cannot fail to rise to enviable heights in her profession. For Mr. Hare there is no character, but we feel that he has greatly aided the success by the discrimination with which he has chosen his assistants in various departments, as well as by the smoothness and excellence of the general representation in the arrangement and conduct of the work. Mr. Hare's well-recognized ability as a stage manager has never been better exhibited. The language of the adaptation has a literary distinction exceptional in English versions of French plays, but the name of Mr. F. C. Grove as the first writer might well have been accepted as a guarantee that this would be so. The scenery is notable even in these days of picturesque and artistic stage-setting. Mr. E. Salomons' design for the Church of St. Andrea is wholly admirable in proportion, detail, and colour, and, besides the solidity of the structure of the Villa Cavaradossi and the ramparts of the castle of St. Angelo, the views of distant Roman landscape are delightful. We remember nothing so good since the paintings which formed backgrounds to the revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum in 1881. Sketches of the costumes from the graceful pencil of Mr. E. A. Abbey have also been obtained, and these of course form a special attraction. The entire representation may be pointed to with pride and gratification as a worthy example of contemporary dramatic art.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE unaccountable apathy with which the musical public just at present regards orchestral performances caused St. James's Hall to be very poorly attended on the 22nd ult., when Sir Charles Hallé gave the first of the four orchestral concerts which he has announced for the present season. It is some years since the Manchester orchestra has been heard in London; but it may be safely said that for a long time no finer performances have taken place than those which rewarded the too scanty audience which assembled on the 22nd. The programme was arranged so as to display the quality of the band to the utmost advantage. Accustomed to play continually together under so sympathetic a conductor as Sir Charles Hallé, the individual members of the orchestra seem to have caught no small measure of his enthusiasm, and the result is that their playing is characterized by an extraordinary amount of spirit and vigour. The wonderful brilliancy and precision of the strings was particularly remarkable in Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*, in which the difficult passages assigned to the first violins were rendered with an accuracy and finish which it would be difficult to surpass. Though the whole orchestra is entitled to the greatest praise, a large share of the credit for such admirable performances is due to the leader, Mr. Willy Hess, who has more than once been heard in London as a soloist. The first part of the programme comprised, in addition to the Cherubini Overture, two of Dvořák's *Légendes*, which were played with great delicacy, the minutest gradations of tone being fully, but not unduly, emphasized. The first part concluded with Beethoven's Violin Concerto, the solo part in which was performed in her best style by Mme. Neruda. The second part of the concert consisted of Berlioz's extraordinary *Symphonie Fantastique*, *Episode de la vie d'un Artiste*, a work which has been very seldom heard in London. Here, again, the orchestra did the fullest justice to the dramatic character of the composition, the occasional extravagances of the music being admirably toned down by the faultless interpretation it received.

The last two Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, though principally devoted to the repetition of familiar works, have been by no means devoid of interest. The most noticeable feature of the programme on the 23rd was the playing of the orchestra in Wagner's Overture to *Der fliegende Holländer* and in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, both of which were singularly fine performances. Mr. Mann's ability is never so conspicuous as when he is conducting a work of Beethoven's; with Wagner's later style he has less sympathy; but on this occasion the Overture was played admirably. At the same concert Miss Nettie Carpenter gave an extremely clever performance of Saint-Saëns's Violin Concerto, Op. 20, and Fräulein Fillunger sang Mendelssohn's Scena "Infelice" and songs by Brahms and Schubert. The Concert concluded with a quasi-novelty in the shape of Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Festklänge," a work which will in no way alter the opinion musicians hold as to the very small value of the great pianist's orchestral compositions. It has been heard several times in London, under the conductorship of the late Mr. Walter Bache, and though the performance at Sydenham was very good, the audience was not inclined to receive it with favour, especially as it was placed at the very

end of a long programme. It is difficult to understand why upwards of seven pages of the Programme-Book at the concert were devoted to the analysis of Liszt's bombastic music, while Saint-Saëns's scholarly Concerto was not analysed at all. The Symphony at the concert last Saturday was Brahms's beautiful work in D, Op. 73, which Mr. Manns was the first to introduce into England some ten years ago. The performance was not altogether up to the mark, and would have been the better for more rehearsal; the first violins, in particular, were unusually unsteady. Far more satisfactory was the orchestral playing in Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*, in Sir Arthur Sullivan's Incidental Music to *Macbeth*, and in Mr. MacCunn's Orchestral Ballad, "The Ship o' the Fiend." Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, which in its present form had not previously been heard in London, gains by being dissociated from Shakespeare's play, for the situations in which it is hardly strong enough in style to be musically appropriate. Last Saturday the weakest portions—namely, the Preludes to Acts II. and IV., and the two choruses—were omitted. The Overture is much the best number of the work, and created a very favourable impression. The vocalists at this concert were Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, the former of whom sang with much dramatic feeling Lysiart's Scena, "Wo Berg ich mich?" from Weber's *Euryanthe*, besides taking part with Mrs. Henschel in his own charming "Gondolier," which was enthusiastically encored. Mrs. Henschel also sang "Glöcklein im Thale," from *Euryanthe*, with all her usual grace and finish.

The Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts which take place before Christmas are never very interesting, and this season they have been no exception to the rule; but at the concert on Monday week Signor Piatti introduced a quaint piece of Old English instrumental music, which was welcome both for its own sake and as affording some relief to the familiar classical repertory. Christopher Simpson, whose Thirteen Divisions on a Ground Signor Piatti has arranged for pianoforte and violoncello, was one of the greatest English theorists of his day; his principal work, *A Compendium of Practical Music*, passed through no less than nine editions in the century which succeeded its first publication in 1665. His *Division-Violist; or, an Introduction to the Playing upon a Ground*, from which the Divisions played by Signor Piatti are taken, appeared in 1659; so that Simpson stands as a sort of link between the earlier instrumental writers, such as Gibbons and Copario, and the later, who, like Locke and Purcell, were more under French and Italian influence. The work played on the 25th ult. is not only very interesting historically, but also possesses considerable character and beauty. It has been admirably arranged by Signor Piatti, and was received with much favour. The successful rescue of this piece from the gulf of oblivion should encourage the distinguished violoncellist to further efforts in the same direction. It would be very interesting to hear occasionally the Fantasies of Gibbons or of John Jenkins, the latter of whom in particular is an interesting musician who is now utterly forgotten. The programme of the same concert included Cherubini's Fifth Posthumous Quartet, which was heard last summer at Sir Charles Hallé's Chamber Concerts. The performance on the earlier occasion was better than that at the Monday Popular Concert. Cherubini's chamber music requires the greatest accuracy and refinement, and in several passages the want of this was apparent, especially in the first-violin part. Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist, and gave a performance of Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, Op. 29, which left much to be desired. Incorrect phrasing and wrong notes were only too conspicuous. Miss Davies has made such progress lately that it seems strange she should fail to play Beethoven's music well. Possibly the habit which Mr. Chappell's audience has of applauding a good, bad, or indifferent performance with an equal amount of enthusiasm may have the effect of making artists careless; but, whatever may be the cause, Miss Davies will do well to study such works as Beethoven's Sonatas more thoroughly before playing them in public before even an uncritical audience. The vocalist was Mme. Belle Cole, who sang Handel's "Lascia ch' io pianga," and a little song, "Le Violette," ascribed in the programme to a Scarlatti, the dates of whose birth and death were stated to be 1650 and 1752 respectively. The mistake is inconceivable; for the song in question is generally assigned to Alessandro Scarlatti, who was born in 1659 and died in 1725. The accompanist on this occasion was new to Popular Concert audiences; but her playing was even more unsatisfactory than usual.

There is no occasion to notice in any detail the performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday week. The work was performed for the benefit of that deserving charity the Royal Society of Musicians, and the artists who took part in it gave their services gratuitously. The solos were sung by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Alice Suter, Messrs. Watkin Mills, Iver M'Kay, A. Thompson, and J. Gibson; the orchestra was led by Mr. Carrodus; the organist was Mr. Fountain Meen; and the performance was excellently conducted by Mr. W. H. Cummings.

The programme of Mr. Henschel's second Symphony Concert was as admirably selected as that of the first, and attracted a larger audience, though the hall was by no means so full as could have been wished and as the general merit of the performances deserved. At the first Symphony Concert the programme was selected so as to afford a survey of instrumental music from Bach to Beethoven; at the second concert the series was continued from

Weber down to Herr Richard Strauss, the very latest musician who has made a name in Germany. Weber was represented by the Overture to *Oberon*, Schumann by his Fourth Symphony, Wagner by his "Huldigung-Marsch," and Brahms by the Variations on Haydn's *Chorale St. Antonii*. The two movements from Herr Strauss's Symphonic Fantasia, "Aus Italien," which were chosen to represent the latest development of orchestral music, were complete novelties to an English audience. Mr. Henschel doubtless was well advised in bringing them forward, for it is only right that English amateurs should be kept acquainted with the newest productions of foreign musicians. It cannot be said that Herr Strauss's music produced a favourable impression. The two movements were (according to the programme) intended to represent respectively scenes on the Campagna and on the shore at Sorrento. The first, an Andante, has some merit, though it is extended to too great a length, and is too diffuse in character. In the second movement, an Andantino, according to the author of the Analytical Programme, "Sunny waters, free, gay, and abounding life, with all the charm of southern shores, are the composer's inspiration, and he abandons himself completely to its influences." If the audience had not been informed of this, very few would have discovered it, for anything duller, more ponderous, and long-winded than this Sorrento movement it would be hard to imagine. The whole work is obviously the production of a young man of talent who, if he has any sterling ability in him, will probably live to be ashamed of it. It is not likely to be heard again in London. The orchestral playing throughout the concert was very good, the performance of the *Oberon* Overture in particular being noticeable for its vigour and brilliancy. The "Huldigung-Marsch" was the least satisfactory number; but the composition, striking as it is, always bears signs of having been originally scored for a military band, and in its present form it wants very perfect playing to preserve the necessary balance between the stringed and the brass instruments.

On Wednesday afternoon the first of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's charming vocal recitals attracted a crowded audience to Prince's Hall. The performance, as is always the case at these concerts, was admirably selected. Beginning with an interesting Duet of Stradella's, the concert-givers sang, in their usual admirable style, songs and duets by Handel, Beethoven, Berlioz, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Götz, Liszt, Massenet, and Brahms; while English music was represented by Bishop's "Tell me, my Heart," Mr. Goring Thomas's "A Lake and a Fairy Boat," and Mr. Corder's "O Sun, that wakenest all." It is impossible to signal any one number as better than another; but Mrs. Henschel won most applause by her singing of Massenet's setting of the Serenade from Coppée's *Le Passant*, to which she responded by singing her husband's beautiful "Spinning Song"; and Mr. Henschel deserves special thanks for introducing so fine and little known a song as Schubert's "Memnon." The second of these interesting performances is announced for next Wednesday.

REVIEWS.

BRITISH REASON IN ENGLISH RHYME.*

THIS book consists of Welsh proverbs and Bardic and legal aphorisms, with translations in English rhyme by the late Henry Halford Vaughan. It is edited by one of his children, and the Welsh has been revised by Professor Rhŷs. It is difficult to believe that the author of this work can have intended it to appear exactly in its present form. Two thousand five hundred and fifty-nine Welsh sayings, accompanied by decidedly smart translations, are excellent things; but to publish them without a break, and in no sort of order, appears to us a mistake. As they stand one might suppose that they had been written on separate pieces of paper, put into a hat, well shaken, and then drawn out one by one at hazard, and printed as they came. To turn the leaves hurriedly over and find three hundred and seventy-eight pages covered with an unbroken string of short rhymes, mostly couplets, unconnected in any way with each other, is enough to frighten away four readers out of five. Be its matter ever so good, a volume thus made up is wearisome reading. Unfortunately, again, in this form the work is unmanageable as a book of reference. If one wants to find a special passage, there is nothing for it but to look through the pages from cover to cover, as the object of one's search is just as likely to be in one place as in another. At least it might be expected that the work would be divided under the three headings almost suggested in the introductory note—namely, Proverbs, Laws, and Bardic aphorisms. Even this would have been a relief and a convenience; but it is impossible to read the book without noticing that numbers of other headings might have suggested themselves. For instance, there are many little rhymes which might be classed under each of the following:—Admonitions, Allegories, Beggars, Birds, Cattle, Cats, Children, Cowards, Deer, Dogs, Enemies, Failings, Farming, Fire, Fishes, Food, Foxes, Goats, Home, Horses, and so on. We think that it would be very much easier to read the book if the matter had been arranged on some such principle as this; but even as it stands it would be greatly improved by the addition of an index, which would render it serviceable for future reference. The editor

* *British Reason in English Rhyme.* By Henry Halford Vaughan, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

says in a brief prefatory note:—"My father had intended to write an introductory essay dealing with the subject as a whole, but at the time of his death this was only just commenced." The absence of this intended introduction is much to be regretted, and it seems a pity that Professor Rhŷs, who gave his assistance in the revision of the proofs, was not persuaded to write one as a substitute. Nobody could have been more fitted for the task.

It is said, with much truth, that the Welsh hate the English; but it is at least as true that the English do not love the Welsh. We much doubt if nine out of ten English people living in Wales either know or care whether the Welsh have many proverbs or few. As to the majority of Englishmen and English women, all they can tell one about Welsh is that it is a hideous language. They would rather study any other, either living or dead. Of Welsh, Welsh literature, and Welsh customs they know nothing, and do not want to know anything; nor have we much hope that they ever will, unless a Welsh Walter Scott should arise to make Wales, and things appertaining to it, the fashion. If the book which we are reviewing should have the effect of causing them to take the slightest interest in *Cymraeg*, its author would have laboured to some purpose. Nevertheless, we will say frankly that our fear is not so much lest it should be little read as that readers of a certain class should avail themselves of it too eagerly. We tremble at the thought that there are enterprising people who are likely to learn by heart a number of its proverbs with the view of displaying them in their own honour, as occasion may serve. "Where is that from?" they will be asked. "Oh! it is an old Welsh proverb," will be the reply. "Confound these slippery floors," some one will say; and then the student of *British Reason* will come out with, "Better rough stones, whose hindrance oft offends me, than even slabs, whose smoothness headlong sends me." Those who want to do this sort of thing, however, had better be quick about it, or, as the book becomes better known, they will run terrible risks of being found out; and we advise people who may hear any apt quotations of Welsh proverbs within the next few months to ask the speakers what they think of Vaughan's *British Reason in English Rhyme*; when, if it is possible to raise a blush to the cheek of a hardened cribber and quoter, a blush will be seen.

Women do not appear to have been at all overestimated by the ancient Welsh. The pleasure of looking at a pretty wife would be qualified if the husband ever kept in mind the saying that "Though long the chance may lag," she "weakly alters to a hag." As to confiding in her, "Often you may trust your life, your secret never, to your wife." The happiest state would seem to be not to have one at all; for "take no wife, have no strife," say the un-gallant Welsh. A Welshman who had once owned one, remarked "Never yet by any cur, was I barked at as by her." But no heed should be given to the barkings of wives; for "Off like the wind flies woman's word, as like the wind let it be heard." Nor should more attention be given to their promises; "Default will the performance be of what a woman promised thee," and "Nothing earthly hath a way, like a woman to betray." When our wives say, "For goodness sake don't bother me. Let me do what I like; I know what is best for me," we—that is to say, those of us who have the pluck—are to reply, "My dear, remember that the old Celtic bard says, 'A woman mostly will prefer the thing that is the worst for her.'" It is not, however, the word of a woman only that is to be distrusted in Wales, as it is the boast of Welshmen that "It never will do to say all that is true." In one sense this proverb cannot be gainsaid; but it is given a very wide signification in the Principality. And, after all, men as well as women can be disagreeable in Welsh families; for they admit that "To be vexed by his love makes a kite of a dove," especially, we may add, when the kite has had what the Welsh themselves call "a trop off peer." Nor are all the uncomplimentary Welsh saws addressed to females. "If an angel when you roan, be no devil in your home," is probably aimed at the sterner sex. Even children appear to have been regarded from a pessimist point of view by the Welsh bards. "The kid, on which at birth you date, daily coarsens to a goat."

We have only detected one case in the whole volume of flagrant repetition, although we will not guarantee that there are no others. The proverb *Blaengar ymudravedd ffol* is given twice, as No. 1,560 and as No. 2,099. In the first instance it is translated "Unchecked by doubt, a fool speaks out," and in the second by "Fools speak without reserve or doubt." The author thought well to render one translation in Latin; but he would have done better to remember that the knowledge of that language is not exclusively confined to males. Welsh bards are celebrated for their triads, and any quantity of them are to be found in this volume. Most of them begin after some such fashion as the following:—"Bards are we for purposes three"; "Three things to do words should not fail"; "Within three spheres our life is ranging"; "Of men there are three kinds," and so on. This reminds us of a celebrated Welsh scholar who wrote a poem on the Triad of Ugly Women in his country—for private circulation! As a specimen of the author's method of translating a Welsh proverb into English rhyme, and the manner in which the English and Welsh are set on the pages, we will quote

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Some of the advice in these old proverbs is excellent, such as "Be happy and gay thy natural way"; "Set not thine own price so high that men shall doubt if they need buy"; and, at any rate the first part of, "Preach not sermons over meat; when you worship, do not eat." In respect to meat, again, there is a proverb which we could have aptly quoted on many occasions, had we known it. It runs—"Revile not the meat which you heartily eat." Modern farmers have learnt to qualify the saying "The shelter which a hedge supplies outworts the ground it occupies"; not would men of science any longer allow that "The skin in which he first drew breath, a wolf will carry to his death"; it does not always follow, again, that "A hog that's squealing the knife is feeling," and the theory that "After drink, the spirits sink," is quite new to us. But most of the proverbs are beyond dispute. True enough are the following—"Fool more ridiculous was never than the fool who thinks he's clever"; "Words noisy and grand, and a mouse is at hand"; "The way that is the best to go, is the way that best you know"; and "He who a horse has of his own, is welcome to a horse on loan." With regard to a hired horse, we find the following cruel couplet—"On, on, thou tired brute we've hired."

As might be expected, very many of the proverbs here given are familiar in English also, and in many cases in other languages as well. For instance, nobody will have much difficulty in supplying the English prototypes of the following. "Every dunghill dog is bold when on his own dunghill roll'd"; "The moment when the cat departs, gives back to mice their merry hearts"; "Let dogs that sleep their slumbers keep"; "No risk has he run: no prize has he won"; "Brothers in trade, or good, or ill, are seldom brothers in good will"; "Out of sight, forgotten quite"; "Examine not the horse's eye, which with your thanks alone you buy"; "Three things do no good 'till they're knocked off the crown, a wedge, tether stake, and a lubberly clown"; "Who makes most haste, time most doth waste"; "A rolling stone no moss can own"; "The hap which I rue, is good fortune to you"; "He who to church the nearest lies, will furthest be from Paradise"; "One bird in hand is twice as good as the two plumpest in the wood"; "Who loveth me, my dog love he"; "If on two stools a man will sit, ere long his limbs the floor will hit"; or, "Rome's building was a work not done between sunrise and set of sun." It would be easy to go on multiplying examples.

Biblical cribbings may be recognized among some of the rhymes, such as "When blind to blind his guidance lends, in some deep pool their journey ends," and "By his fruit the man soon sheweth the kind of root from which he groweth"; on the other hand, "Be your pity but small for the fool, who gave all" rather contravenes the Christian counsel of perfection. Ideas expressed by poets other than Welsh may be traced in "Better of roebucks to be first than amongst antler'd stags the worst"; "Half the room in hell's allow'd to good actions vainly vow'd"; "He on the fight has most to say, who in the fight will run away"; "The house, that has no child within it, is a house with nothing in it," and in many other passages. Lastly, we will refrain from passing an adverse criticism on the Cambrian proverb—"As into years a Welshman goes, more foolish year by year he grows."

NOVELS.*

MR. PERCY HULBURD, if we may judge by the novel *In Black and White*, which bears his name on the title-page, has selected for his models in composition some recent American writers of fiction who look upon themselves, we believe, as a "school," and consider that they have taken a new departure. It is a departure that the world can willingly part withal; and it is a road which will lead to no goal. Worse guides for a young and clever writer, as Mr. Hulburd apparently is, could not be. Cleverness, unsupported by common sense, is apt to waste itself in erratic spasm, and common sense would never choose to follow the footsteps of these foolish and pretentious posers, who, looking in the glass of their own conceit, see themselves as philosophic students of humanity. In the novel now in question we are invited to attend to what is meant to be a profound psychological analysis conveyed in the history of one of the feeblest, meanest, shabbiest creatures ever presented in fiction. Mr. Robert Dillon is a clerk in a bank. He has a remarkable facility for copying drawings, and imitating other people's signatures. He is by way of being honest, so far as so feeble a being can be honest, until a fellow-clerk, a German, one day delivers to him a farrago of bombastic nonsense, "a programme to solve the difficulties of existence by freeing every man from the trammels of conflicting influences, thus restoring equilibrium in the balance of life." The details of this simple little scheme are vague, except that they include forgery and fraud on the part of Dillon, instigated by his fellow-clerk. Dillon is converted to these ideas with a readiness only equalled by the famous effect on my Lord of Natal

* *In Black and White*. By Percy Hulburd. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Alderdene. By Major Norris Paul. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

Sir Charles Danvers. By the Author of "The Danvers Jewels." 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

With the Harrisises. By the Author of "The Subaltern." London: Allen & Co. 1889.

of the words of the Zulu, his pal. He forges names all round, and gains wealth and position; forges letters by which he cheats his friend out of his promised wife, and marries her himself—commits, in fine, every sort of baseness and cowardly crime. This story, which is simply that of *Jim the Penman*, is wrapped in a cloud of fine phrases, mystical manderings, and philosophic speculations, in which the reader is as much lost as the writer. At the back of it all there is no real knowledge of the world, no broad survey of the field of human nature, no penetrating sense of human motive or of the immutable limits of human faculty. To compare such stuff with real analytic power would be to compare oakum-picking in a cell to the work of Pasteur in his laboratory. Mr. Hulburd is fluent, and believes himself to be eloquent. Were we to take him at his own estimate, we should be frequently pulled up short by singular lapses:— "Leaving it undecided whether hereditary traits are really lineal transmissions, or only the fruit of childhood's intuitive assimilation of surrounding influences" is a specimen of phrases in which words have tempted to the betrayal of meaning. "Drawing on post-mortem experience" and "invites to repicition" are others. Over and over again the blunder between "to lie" and "to lay" is repeated, the literary blunder the most suggestive and indicative of ignorance or vulgarity. Many other traces of carelessness are to be seen in the book which it is useless here to indicate, and traces of something worse than carelessness, which we do not care further to refer to. It is a bad specimen of a bad school, and it matters little, for school and specimens are equally self-doomed to oblivion.

Whether or not enjoyment is to be got from the perusal of *Alderdene* depends entirely on the reader's docility in giving his mind over for the time being to the keeping of Major Norris Paul. If he will allow himself to be whirled along the stream of that lively writer's narrative without question or doubting, he may have a pleasant two hours over the volume. In the first twelve hours we have a terrific storm, a shipwreck, and a salvage of two out of the whole crew of the *Spanking Susan*, a scramble into a smuggler's Black Hole, a fratricide, the birth of a heroine, the death of the heroine's mother, and the mysterious interment of the mangled body of a baronet. How it is that baronets are so invariably mixed up in shady transactions in fiction, either as principals or victims, it is difficult to explain. It must have something to do with their bloody hands. As Major Paul's story has to go on for eighteen years before the baby born on that remarkable night can be married to the hero, we tremble for the author's powers of staying. But there is no need. By the help of scheming stewards, smart young soldiers, conscience-stricken murderers, a ghost or two, subterranean knockings, and faces in the fire, we do very well indeed, especially as now and then the strain of attention is relieved by the introduction of long yarns which have no bearing on the plot of *Alderdene* whatever. Major Paul's style in his graver passages recalls the memory of the venerable G. P. R. James, but he has also his funny interludes, in which he is genuinely amusing.

Novels so amusing, so brightly written, so full of simple sense and witty observation as *Sir Charles Danvers* are not found every day. It is a novel of society, written by one who knows English society well, and judges men and women with sagacity and the tolerance born of comprehension. The story is one of love, quite properly so, even passionate love, and the emotions of the three people (there must be three, or, at any rate, an uneven number, or where are your complications?) are touched with the reticence and restrained strength, to borrow a phrase from the language of theatrical criticism, which have so much stronger an effect than exuberance. Ruth Deyncourt is a delightful girl, and her passages of flirtation with Sir Charles, he gradually growing in earnestness, she fencing with an adversary whom she believes to be merely amusing himself, are excellent. Just the right touches from outsiders are put in to alarm Ruth's pride, and urge her, along with other natural and praiseworthy motives, to accept the offer of the fantastic Dare, and then, too late, Charles throws off the mask of levity and shows his heart. Out of this situation, of course, they do not come without grievous woes; but they do come, and then, when they are at the very summit of accomplished joy, they resume, in the most amusing way, the tone of persiflage under which it suits both natures best to half conceal emotion. It is a charming love-story, lightened up on all sides by the humorous, genial, character-sketches of less important personages. There is a bewitching child who worships Sir Charles. "You are, as a rule, so surrounded and encompassed on every side by Molly," complains Ruth; but the reader never has too much of Molly. There is not enough of any of them, in fact; and, for a wonder, we want the third volume the author has denied us.

A short note to the "revised edition" of *With the Harrisises* states that the novel was originally published anonymously under the slightly different title of *The Harrisises*. There is no name attached to the present volume, but it is attributed on the front page to the author of *The Subaltern*, so that we presume there is no secrecy about its being the work of the Rev. Mr. Gleig. It is a little late in the day to begin to criticize the writings of Mr. Gleig, which may not be much read by the rising generation, but are perfectly well known to most of that one which has crossed the brow of the hill and has the setting sun before it. That the book should have been published anonymously while any immediate connexions of the Holland family survive is easy to understand, much easier, in fact, than to explain why it should have been written. The cir-

circumstances connected with the third Lord Holland's marriage are, it is true, now so familiar that the details have ceased to be regarded as scandalous matter. Still, the taste of raking them up to make a novel out of them is, to say the least, questionable; and the author of *The Subaltern* has further woven an invented or recorded imbroglio of a sinister kind about them. According to his version, the marriage of Lord and Lady Holland—which some strait-laced people never regarded as a marriage at all, though a legal ceremony had been gone through—had in reality no legal existence whatever. If the part of the novel relating to the foreign young lady, her early marriage to Lord Belgrave, and her child, be a romance, it is an impertinence to introduce it into the lives of people perfectly well known, and who make part of English social history. If it be not a romance, it is a grave offence against decency to blazon it forth in the pages of a novel. It affects to attach a stigma to the birth of the man whose widow has just sunk into her grave. Names and a few insignificant details have been changed, but that Lord and Lady Holland, their children, and the famous circle at Holland House, are minutely described is plain. If the author, whose bright, graphic, animated writing fitted him admirably for the task, had confined himself to reproducing that brilliant society as it was known to exist, no one could have objected. Memoirs and autobiographies of London life seventy years ago have, it is true, given us about as much as we want of the men and women who figured in it; and we could dispense with any more stories about "Lady Selina Kidd"—a specimen of the deep disguises of names affected by the writer of *With the Harrises*. But such a work would have been inoffensive, which this one certainly is not.

SHIPBUILDING.*

THIS stately volume is, in all respects, a worthy successor to the many which have preceded it. It would be, perhaps, too much to say that it excels them all, but it certainly seems to equal the best of them, both in the variety of subjects treated and in the manner of dealing with them. As our readers are probably aware, the papers read at the annual meeting of the Institution are followed by discussions, in which strangers are occasionally allowed to take part, and these debates are very often models which other Societies and bodies would do well to follow. In spite of the complex nature of the subjects treated, prolixity and diffuseness are obviously unpopular and discouraged. Clearness of statement is aimed at and usually attained, except by a few puzzle-headed mathematical theorists, who, much exercised by the desire to be profound, only succeed in being obscure. Personality and acrimony are extremely rare, although there is no want of candour. That there should be candour, however, is only natural, and to be expected. Many of those who examine and criticize the papers are men who have devoted their lives to the study of shipbuilding, theoretical and practical, and are largely interested in it; and it is tolerably certain then that they will say what they think; and what they think is sure to be worth attention. Few, indeed, of those who read papers in public have to address an audience so competent to pronounce judgment as that over which Lord Ravensworth presides.

As has just been indicated, an unusually large variety of subjects are treated in the present volume; but valuable as it is, it must be said that a portion of the matter it contains is somewhat out of date. The first part of the well edited and elaborately illustrated book is occupied with an account of the proceedings at a meeting held at Glasgow in July 1888. Making every possible allowance for the extreme care which is necessary in preparing the work for publication, this does seem somewhat tardy production, and to notice these papers now would be to imitate one of the very few faults which mark the *Transactions*; and it may be added that, with the exception of a description of the Clyde and a brief history of the marine steam-engine, the contributions to this first part are not of any special weight. The second and larger part contains an account of the proceedings of the Society at the meeting in London in April last, and, considering that they only met on three days, a wonderful amount of work the Naval Architects certainly managed to do. On the afternoons and evenings of the 10th, 11th, and 12th they heard and discussed papers, some of which might well be called short treatises, on fifteen different subjects. To notice all these, however briefly, within the limits of space at our command would obviously be impossible. Little more than a catalogue could be given; three are therefore selected as being, for the general reader at all events, more interesting than the others, valuable as some of these are.

The paper most worthy of note in the *Transactions*, insomuch as it deals with a matter vitally affecting our existence as a nation, is undoubtedly that of Mr. W. H. White, the head of the constructive department of the Admiralty, on "The Designs of the New Battle-Ships." Here again, however, the difficulty just noted arises. The matter in one sense seems a little obsolete. The paper itself and the criticisms it evoked were commented on immediately; and, moreover, the ever-shifting art of designing war-ships, once the most stationary, now the most changeful of all

the mechanical arts, has had a new complication added to it since the naval architects met in the Adelphi. Notwithstanding these facts, however, Mr. White's paper is so admirable, and the discussion which followed it was so weighty, that it is imperative to speak of them, although the notice of a subject which has been so fully treated must necessarily be brief.

There is one very simple fact with regard to naval architecture which might be thought as obvious as the product of two and two, but which is nevertheless frequently ignored not only by those critics who have no knowledge of the subject, but also, strange to say, by some experts. A designer when planning a vessel of any given size has only a limited amount of weight at his disposal, which, as we need hardly say, is equal to the tons of salt-water the vessel displaces. On this weight, which he has to apportion, there are, so to speak, many demands. The constructor of a war-ship must allot so much to the hull, so much to the engines, so much to the coal, so much to the armament and ammunition and stores, and so much to the armour, if the vessel is an ironclad, or, to be quite accurate, a steel-and-ironclad. If with regard to any one of these requisites he allows too much, the ship will have to suffer in some other respect. In the *Blake* just launched, for instance, enormous speed and great coal endurance have, it is hoped, been attained; but, then, side-armour has been sacrificed altogether. Now, extraordinary as it may seem, this fact, which we have almost insulted our readers by stating, is constantly overlooked, more or less, in discussions respecting warships, and specially in discussions respecting armour-protection. Sir E. Reed does not, of course, overlook it. So skilled a naval architect would be as likely to overlook the force of gravitation; but he does not give it anything like the prominence he ought to, and sometimes it seems to be altogether ignored by the advocates of great defensive power. To read some of the disquisitions which appear, it might be thought that compound plates were imponderable, or that a ship was like a fort on which practically as much iron and steel as may be desired can be bolted. The protection of ships must be limited; and, if it is carried too far, the offensive power will have to be lessened, probably with the most lamentable results. Can anything be imagined more pitiable than the position of a helpless warship unable to do harm to the antagonists who are striving to batter her to death? Of what avail would the hide of the rhinoceros be to the lion if his teeth were drawn and his claws cut.

Now, with regard to armour, the problem set before the Admiralty constructors has long been difficult, and is at present difficult in the extreme. The constantly increasing power of guns has made it more and more necessary to thicken the armour, and in consequence more and more to limit it, and now the portion of the ship which can be protected is small, and even that is not protected against the heaviest guns. The Admiralty have had to balance offensive against defensive power, and, from the debate that followed the reading of Mr. White's paper, in which experts of the highest rank addressed an audience of experts, it seems clear that, with regard to the vessels last designed, they have done so well. Sir E. Reed, in his attack on the officials, was telling, as he always is, and he certainly made a point when he showed the danger which an ironclad might incur if, in rolling, the thin skin below the armour-plates were exposed to an enemy's shot; but, on the whole, his one-sided arguments did not succeed, and the Admiralty distinctly had the best of it, the opinion of those who spoke with the greatest weight clearly being that Mr. White and his subordinates had, so far as was possible, reconciled contradictory conditions with very exceptional skill.

Next in importance to Mr. White's paper is perhaps that of Professor V. B. Lewes on "The Corrosion and Fouling of Iron and Steel Ships," of which it may be said with truth that it is at once very excellent and very disappointing; excellent, because the subject is dealt with in so lucid and masterly a manner; disappointing, because it is most discouraging to find that, in a matter of such vital importance to the Royal Navy and to the mercantile marine, there has only been such very moderate progress; but unfortunately it seems clear that far less has been done than is generally supposed, and with regard to the navy the case appears to be deplorable, though not, as will be seen, from any fault of the Admiralty. In order to make the subject intelligible to those who have not given it any attention, it should be explained that two kinds of composition are applied to the bottoms of iron and steel ships. One is called the anti-corrosive, and, as its name denotes, is meant to prevent rusting. The other is called anti-fouling, and its object is to prevent marine growths, animal and vegetable, on the ship's skin under water. With regard to the first of these two, which, as need hardly be said, is put on before the other, it would appear that a very fair measure of success has been obtained. Mr. Lewes enumerates five different classes of them. The first consists of "boiled linseed oil mixed with red or white lead"; the second, of "tar and tarp products" and "asphalts and mineral waxes"; the third, of varnishes formed by dissolving gums or resins in volatile solvents; and the fourth, of varnishes of this kind to which body has been given by the addition of foreign constituents, generally mineral oxides. The fifth class consists of cement coatings; but these have apparently been abandoned; and, according to the writer, there can be little doubt that the second and fourth classes are the best. If care is taken to make sure of the purity of the materials used in these compositions, and if they are applied to perfectly dry plates which have previously been scraped

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free from rust, or, if they are new, been "pickled with dilute acid" and then washed down with some slightly alkaline liquid," little apprehension need be felt as to the effect of corrosion on a ship's bottom," to use Professor Lewes's words. The problem, then, of finding a satisfactory anti-corrosive coating for the outside of the bottoms of iron and steel ships has been practically solved. Unfortunately, the facts are very different with regard to anti-fouling compositions.

Efforts infinite have been made to protect iron ships from marine growths. Laudably simple were the first attempts. Copper was applied to vessels of this kind in much the same way that it was to wooden ones, it not being apparently understood that copper was electro-negative to iron. The result was as simple as the charming process itself. Galvanic action was set up; the water was decomposed and the oxygen was thrown on to the iron, which rotted away like a jerry-builder's timber. It was much the same thing as if a man had covered a house with stucco which contained some material that destroyed the bricks. At a far later date an attempt was made to get over the difficulty by the use of zinc, to which iron is electro-negative, and a sheeting of this metal was placed sometimes on un-sheathed wooden sheathing; sometimes, we believe, on the iron skin itself. The idea was an ingenious one, but Professor Lewes shows clearly that zinc has been a failure. When in no long time it had been ascertained that copper could not be used, it was necessary to devise some means of preventing the rapid fouling of iron bottoms, and in 1840 the first anti-fouling paint was patented. Since then there have been patents innumerable, and there are now thirty-two compositions in the market; but from that day to this the problem has never been satisfactorily solved. Modern chemistry does not often fail, if time enough is allowed, but here certainly it cannot be said to have succeeded.

The reasons for this want of success Mr. Lewes explains very thoroughly. The "anti-foulers" have been supposed to "owe a considerable portion of their value to their" poisonous action "on marine animal and vegetable growths." This action, however, is much less potent than is generally supposed. It is only in the early stages of the growth that the poison destroys it. Once developed, it is proof, for the very simple reason that the portion of it which adheres to the ship is used to cling on with only, the constituents necessary for development being derived from the sea-water. Owing to this fact, the paint in which poisons are relied upon is apt to fail. It has to be made by mixing them with varnish, and for a time the varnish keeps them from the sea-water, or the sea-water from them, whichever phrase may be preferred. During this period deposits are formed, and, when the poison is liberated by the disintegration of the vehicle, the growth can no longer be affected. There are, therefore, very grave objections to anti-foulers of this class; but with others of a different kind more success has been achieved. It has been thought that the immunity given by copper was due to its exfoliation, and attempts have been made to imitate this, and to provide a coating which "shall slowly work off," and "so expose a continually renewed surface"; and these seem to be more effective than the others, but there are grave drawbacks to them also. The coating which will keep the vessel clean for months in harbour will waste away very rapidly at sea, and leave her bare; and if, to avoid this, the manufacturer makes the composition harder, the vessel fouls while she is stationary, as, in the absence of friction, the coating does not wash away with sufficient rapidity. Hence these compositions are much better suited to merchant ships always steaming at fixed rates, and staying the shortest possible time in harbour, than to warships, which go at varying speeds, and often remain at rest for long intervals; and this is a fact which is well worthy of attention. The management of our navy is much criticized, sometimes justly, but sometimes unjustly; and it should certainly be borne in mind that, with the hulls as with the boilers and engines, there are grave difficulties which are not anything like so serious in the mercantile marine.

It is pleasant to turn from Professor Lewes's well-written but not very comforting paper to Mr. Thornicroft's account of his water-tube boiler, which seems to give the promise of a great advance, although his arguments were severely handled by his candid and competent critics. The idea, as need hardly be said, is by no means a new one. As long ago as 1860 it occurred to engineers that great advantages might be gained by, so to speak, reversing the principle of the marine boiler, and, instead of passing the flame through tubes surrounded by water, to put the water in tubes and let the flame heat these, and at a later time boilers constructed according to this idea were fitted to various merchant vessels. With some they were failures, a very lamentable result being produced in one case; with others they seem to have succeeded fairly well; but marine engineers, not without good cause, distrusted them, and after a comparatively short time they were all but abandoned. Now Mr. Thornicroft thinks that he has overcome the difficulties that stood in the way, and contrived a water-tube boiler that can be trusted; and with regard to small vessels making short runs, after which everything can be examined, he certainly seems to have succeeded fairly well. Whether, however, his steam-generator is suited for large sea-going ships is a very different question. If it can be rendered suitable for such vessels the water-tube boiler will assuredly be largely used, as it has great advantages over the tank boiler. Steam can be got up much more quickly, it will work with somewhat less fuel, and, most important of all, it is very much lighter

than the other, thus giving a large increase to the carrying power. At present, however, its defects appear to be very serious. Soot and dirt accumulate round the tubes, causing external corrosion, and constant watching and cleaning, more careful than can be expected from ordinary stokers, are necessary. Worse than this, the tubes, from some cause not apparently very clearly understood, are liable to "pitting," resulting in small holes, which, as need hardly be said, are dangerous in the extreme. These grave evils Mr. Thornicroft believes that he has been able, to a certain extent, to overcome, and though, as has been indicated, his invention was mercilessly handled by his brother naval architects, he spoke with modest confidence at the end of the debate, and, it should be observed, without any of the pique which inventors too often show when their pet ideas have been roughly treated. He clearly is not discouraged, and has continued to labour at the subject, as on the 21st of last month, half a year after the meeting of the Naval Architects, he read a paper on it at the Institution of Civil Engineers. It is much to be hoped that he will succeed. The introduction of a water-tube boiler suited for sea-going ships will be the greatest step made for many years in marine engineering, and will specially aid those who are charged with the onerous task of constructing our war-ships.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

SOME very interesting additions to the Arundel Society's fine reproductions after frescoes and paintings of the old Italian masters have lately been distributed to subscribers and are now offered to the public. In the first place we must note four new "occasional publications." These comprise two chromolithographs after the Convent frescoes by Fra Angelico at Florence—"The Presentation in the Temple" and "The Entombment"—executed, from drawings by Signor Costantini, by Herr Wilhelm Greve, of Berlin; and two heliographs in monochrome by MM. Lemercier, of Paris, after Andrea del Sarto's frescoes in the court of the Compagnia dello Scalzo at Florence—"St. John the Baptist Preaching" and "Charity"—from drawings by Signor Marianucci and Herr Kaiser. The Angelico prints are beautiful examples of reproduction in colour, equal in all respects to the six plates previously published by the Society, and forming with them a most attractive selection from the charming designs of Angelico in the old Dominican convent. The frescoes by Andrea del Sarto, two noble examples of the master, are successfully rendered by the process known as heliogravure, the smaller one, the lovely group symbolizing "Charity," being especially notable as a specimen of felicitous translation. With the admirable result before us we are inclined to doubt whether, in some instances, and with a good water-colour drawing to work upon, the process is not better suited than chromolithography to the reproduction of old and partially damaged frescoes. Much depends upon the condition of the work, still more upon the artist's claims to rank among the colourists. Defrauded of colour, an Angelico could not but be a distasteful reproduction. A far more complex scheme of colour is presented by Botticelli's charming "Primavera," the allegorical picture of Spring, "delighting and delighted," in the Fine Arts Academy at Florence, a chromolithograph of which, executed by Herr Greve, from a drawing by Signor Costantini, forms the "first annual publication" of the Society for last year. An ample field for reproductive skill is supplied by the landscape and figures—the rich yet sombre grove of orange-trees, with their fruit, "golden lamps in a green night," the fresh sward brilliant with jewel-like flowers, the radiant Venus, the quaint, flower-decked Flora, the beautiful and melancholy Graces dancing to a stately measure. The result is not, indeed, impeccable tone and harmony, yet a print of remarkable decorative quality, and as sympathetic as it is conceivable the reproductive process can yield. For the present year the "first annual publication" consists of Carpaccio's "Calling of St. Matthew," in the chapel of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni, and Bazzi's "Christ bound," from the mutilated fresco of the "Flagellation" at Siena. Neither of these chromolithographs can be numbered among Herr Greve's successful prints. The former, which we cannot regard as a masterpiece, is somewhat hot in colour. Bazzi's fresco, as here reproduced, is yet more unpleasant in colour, and we cannot but think that the admirable modelling, the dignity and pathos of this impressive figure, could be more happily reproduced in monochrome.

TWO GREAT WRITERS.*

DR. GARNEIT'S contribution on Milton to the "Great Writers" series is one of the best of that series and of the author's works in writing and arrangement; but we can hardly call it one of the most critical. Indeed, though we are unfortunately, or fortunately (for it may be looked on either way), condemned to take a more grudging and ephetic attitude, we cannot help feeling a certain delight at the thoroughgoing enthusiasm with which Dr. Garnett, a mature man of much and good letters, has thrown himself into the task of defending and exalting Milton through

* Great Writers—Milton. By R. Garnett, LL.D. Lessing. By T. W. Rolleston. London: Walter Scott.

thick and thin. Were he not both too good-natured and too little given to braggadocio, we could imagine him adopting Ali's famous threat, and menacing any one who denies Milton's perfections either as man or bard with cleaving of the skull and dashing out of the teeth, and all the rest of it. But, being what he is, Dr. Garnett has behaved otherwise, and greatly as we are constrained to differ with him on Milton's personal merits, and even on part of his literary character, there are but one or two points on which we are not quite content to differ. One of these is his adoption of the absolutely imaginary depreciation of Mary Powell—the hardest case of the kind, except Harriet Shelley's, in literary history. There is not one single piece of positive evidence against her, and the one piece of positive evidence, Phillips's testimony, makes decidedly in her favour. So do all the probabilities and inferences from the Divorce tracts downwards. That she made a great mistake in marrying Milton is evident; but if that is to be damning proof against a girl of seventeen, God help us all! For the "dulness and commonness," as Mr. Pattison has it (and we may note with justifiable amusement that Pattison's biography, a piece of hero-worship if ever there was one, does not go far nearly enough for Dr. Garnett), we have nothing but a gratuitous construction placed on what may be merely general words, and what are in any case the words of a person far too closely concerned to be impartial. For her having poisoned her daughters' minds against their father we have sheer conjecture, as unsubstantial as any vision. That girls who were subjected to the hideous dull drudgery which we know was their lot, and who could estimate their father's gratitude and affection by his thinking "instruction in embroidery" a sufficient portion for them after years of such drudgery, should be inspired with much affection for him would be the wonderful thing.

The fact is, however, that Dr. Garnett can see no faults in Milton as a man, and few as a writer. He does not agree with Milton's religious views, but he is quite angry with Mr. Pattison for wishing that Milton had not held them, or spent so much time in writing about them. He admits (as, indeed, he could not but admit) the scurrility of the dispute with Salmasius and Morus, but he takes little or no notice of the relatively greater and infinitely more unprovoked scurrility of the earlier attacks on Bishop Hall and others. The defence that this is mere "common form" of the time is, of course, obvious, but it is by no means valid. We may, indeed, give Milton the benefit of the indulgence accorded to Naamans generally who bow in the temple of any Rimon, but this indulgence at once destroys his claim to exceptional beauty and nobility of character. And that any one should make such a claim for him is a curious instance of the *Fallacia Admiratio*—not the most discreditable of fallacies certainly, but certainly also one of the most fallacious.

We have said that Dr. Garnett seems to us on much surer ground as to the literary aspect of the question. As to that, indeed, though there may be differences of detail and relative valuation, there cannot be much general disagreement nowadays between any two persons who have, as Dr. Garnett has, the root of the matter in them. One man's "liking" for Milton, even as a poet, may lag behind his admiration; with another admiration and liking may keep exact step. But in the admiration due to the "master of harmonies" in verse and prose there can be no measure but the measure of critical comparison. We do not think Dr. Garnett admires Milton in the least too much; though perhaps he may admire some others to whom he refers a little too little. He acknowledges frankly the terrible lack of humour in his idol—acknowledges it more frankly than Mr. Pattison, who, master as he was himself of a certain dry irony and sarcasm, lacked most of the sap, if little of the salt, of the humourist. Dr. Garnett's remarks on that very thorny question, the authorship of *Eikon Basilike*, are excellently shrewd and fair; and this we say with something of an inclination to the view which is not his. But, indeed, agreement or disagreement with the views of a person who expresses those views with Dr. Garnett's fairness, shrewdness, and scholarship cannot much affect the estimate of a sound critic. Only we should like to ask Dr. Garnett this question. If he happened to know what we know of Milton personally, knowing at the same time nothing of *Paradise Lost*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and so forth, would he think his Milton an agreeable man? Verily, we trow not.

Mr. Rolleston duly acknowledges his indebtedness to those English predecessors—Mr. James Sime and Miss Helen Zimmern—whose work on Lessing preceded his some ten years ago. A ten years' interval would justify a fresh handling, even if Mr. Rolleston's book were not, as it is, conceived on a different scale and with a different aim. Few people will dispute the claim of the author of the *Laocoön* to a place among great writers, though perhaps Mr. Rolleston's zeal has a very little outrun his discretion. He deserves, however, the credit of generally letting *Discretion*—a steady-going beast with plenty of bottom—catch up the spurts of that "hot jade, but soon tired" *Zeal*. As we began each of his descriptions and laudations of the three plays, *Minna von Barnhelm*, *Emilia Galotti*, and *Nathan der Weise*, we shook our head over Mr. Rolleston. For the fact is that these famous works cannot endure for a moment any kind of criticism which does not make an immense and illegitimate historical allowance. We do not ourselves like the application of harsh words to the work of great men such as Lessing undoubtedly was. But if any rudesby declares that *Minna von Barnhelm* is artificial and trivial; that the catastrophe of *Emilia Galotti* is partly preposterous and partly unsavoury in its picture of a young lady

who asks her father to murder her, not because she fears violence, but because she feels too liquorish to withstand temptation, and a father who complies; and that *Nathan der Weise* is a dull and dreary sermon, we shall feel very hard bested to put that rudesby down. But Mr. Rolleston, it would appear, is a kind of inverted Balaam; he comes to bless and remains to curse. After praising *Minna* heartily, he admits that "it is no profound study of human nature," and that "the characters are manufactures rather than creations." He deplores "the want of any adequate or natural motive" for the *dénouement* of *Emilia Galotti*, and is disturbed by the change in the character of the heroine. He says that "Lessing himself should have taught us better than to call *Nathan* a good drama." *A la bonne heure*; the court is with him. We can hardly say quite so much of his treatment of his hero's theological excitements. Lessing's behaviour as to the Reimarus fragments appears to us rather questionable, whether we take him to have been an enemy or a friend of Christianity. And instead of his having, as Mr. Rolleston thinks, ushered in and shown the example of a new and exalted conception of religion, we should say that no man did more to bring about (what Mr. Rolleston tells us he himself detested as "an outrage at once on veracity and logic") the attempt to "rationalize doctrines which, whether revealed by God or invented by man, had never appealed to common sense." But Mr. Rolleson, though he may use exaggerated expressions about single critical works of Lessing, does not, and indeed cannot, exaggerate Lessing's general position as a critic. With Diderot, he was simply the founder of modern criticism; and the obligations which each had to any predecessor of any kind were exceedingly small. He had however, unlike Diderot, who was the most good-natured and placable of men, a double and treble portion of the acrimony which is supposed to be, if not essential to the critical temperament, a rarely separable accident of it. Where Mr. Rolleston applies to his controversial censorship terms which would be strong for a Swift doubled with a Voltaire, and both of them trimmed with a Bentley, we should rather say that Lessing did the more polemical part of his business with a great deal of scholarship, with some French wit, and with more German *Derbheit*. But it was not in any of these things that his real greatness lay. It was in the high criticism of *Laocoön*, of the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, and of other work, with parts of which we may disagree, in a good deal of which we must wish to "add and eke," but which, as a whole, stands almost alone for originality and power combined.

Mr. Rolleston, however much we may differ with him in detail, gives an excellent account of Lessing's work, and he gives a still better account of the man and his life. Here also he may be a little too fond. Except in the brief space of his happy marriage with Eva König, Lessing had little of the comforts of life. He was never well off, and he was never a good manager even of what he had, being on a smaller scale and with much more excuse as inveterately merged *are alieno* as Steele himself. In some respects, too, he seems to have been quite as much of a wasp as of a bee, and his expectation that he should be allowed, as Librarian of the Duke of Brunswick, to issue unchecked, uncensured, through the ducal press, not merely the Reimarus fragments, not merely his comments on them, but his private polemics with his adversaries, was simply preposterous. But he was a man who was always best in prosperity, and (contrary to some theories) we hold that that is not the worst sort of man. He seems, indeed, to have been rather deficient in variety of tastes; his fierce book-hunger being only tempered by a fancy for gambling (which did him neither harm nor good) and by the late, and as it would seem almost solitary, attachment—it was hardly a passion—for Eva. He did not care for politics, he ostentatiously disclaimed patriotism, he did not care for nature; he seems, save as regards the theatre, not to have cared much, except theoretically, for art. But he was a stout fighter, an original and fertile thinker, a great writer, and a manly man. Happy he of whom can be said.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

IN bringing out cheaper editions of Mr. Andrew Lang's *Oxford* and Mr. J. W. Clark's *Cambridge*, the publishers have made the companion volumes in every respect externally pleasing. They should not, however, have put 1890 on the title-pages without some intimation that the volumes are re-issues. Moreover, in the absence of any notice to the contrary, we imagine that they have not given the authors the opportunity of revising their work, and, if so, they are certainly to blame. As it happens, this is no great matter so far as the public is concerned, for any flaws—if any such exist—are of a microscopic character. Although their subjects have so much in common, there is little likeness between the two books. Mr. Lang gives us the spirit of Oxford life at different periods; Mr. Clark dwells chiefly on the stones of Cambridge. As far as the space at their disposal allowed, both have written excellently, each on his own lines. No Oxford man will read Mr. Lang's "Notes" without wishing that there were

* *Oxford: brief Historical and Descriptive Notes.* By Andrew Lang, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. With Illustrations. London: Seeley & Co., Limited. 1890.

Cambridge: brief Historical and Descriptive Notes. By J. W. Clark, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. With Illustrations. London: Seeley & Co., Limited. 1890.

more of them, and no visitor to Cambridge can do better, unless he carries Mr. Clark's larger work with him, than trust to his handy volume for all matters bearing on the architectural history of the University and its colleges. To say that Mr. Lang shows that he has a firm grasp of the history of Oxford is, perhaps, to speak rather pedantically of a singularly graceful book, yet the very charm of his writing renders it especially incumbent on us to point out that he never allows his fancy to stray beyond a solid foundation of fact. How well he makes his facts serve him may be illustrated by so many passages that it is merely a matter of private taste which best deserves to be mentioned. Speaking for ourselves, we take special joy in his pictures of the town as it was eight hundred years and more ago, of Walter Stoke, an undergraduate of Catte Hall, mumming in the "High" some four centuries later, of the life of Oxford in Hearne's days, and of the typical college poet. Where so much is given it would be churlish to grumble at any omission, yet we were disappointed at not finding a description of how Giraldus read his *Topographia Hibernica* publicly at Oxford during three successive days, and on each day gave a great feast—"Sumptuosa quidem res et nobilis," as the Archdeacon modestly remarks—and at the inadequate notice accorded to the Lollard movement in the University. In "Notes" such as these, however, the author has a right to choose the subject which he thinks will best suit his purpose, and, as a whole, the series of pictures of the life of Oxford is wonderfully complete and instinct with life. Mr. Lang's affection for his University is exhibited not less in his criticisms on its present condition than in his handling of past events, and his papers contain some noteworthy remarks on tutorial drudgery and "dawdling erudition," on the outcry for the endowment of research, on the discontented and restless spirit of the place, its religious tendency, and the unhappy mania for running up new buildings which has done so much mischief during the last twenty years. Although Mr. Clark devotes the larger part of his space to the material growth and aspect of Cambridge—matters on which no one is better qualified to speak—he also tells us much that is interesting about the history of the University, its ancient customs, and its most famous members. Both volumes contain a large number of extremely delicate and beautiful illustrations by M. Brunet-Debaines and M. H. Toussaint, which alone would be sufficient to make them desirable possessions.

A WHITECHAPEL POET.*

E. J. COOPER, who is also called on his title-page by the cumbersome and surprising name of "Aegzayce," frankly and boldly avows himself to be "sensational." The word is used more often than not as a reproach; it is "Aegzayce's" boast. He warns off persons who "prefer their mental pabulum rapid, mawkish, insipid, tasteless, and invariably 'ending happily.'" He truly observes, or insinuates, that the adventures of real life sometimes end otherwise than happily, and while he "places the canons of Art above the follies of Fashion," his manly muse prefers to deal "not with the sunshine and zephyrs of life, but mainly with its lightnings and thunders; with some of the realities and profundities, not with the artificialities and superficialities, of human existence." The student of his works must also bear in mind that they are designed, among other things, for recitation, wherefore "all far-fetched phraseology has been carefully eschewed, its place [what is the place proper to far-fetched phraseology?] being occupied by unambiguous and unambiguous narrative." Cultivated persons have often wondered whether there really exist pieces designed or used for recitation of such a nature as to have prompted the ingenious author of *The Young Reciter's Manual* to the composition of that delightful volume. A perusal of "Aegzayce's" work suggests that such pieces must have existed. It is impossible that if they had not, any one could have thought of offering reciters *The Embalmed Heart*. "Aegzayce" admits that there is a good deal of death in his poems, and justifies the circumstance by an elaborate argument to the effect that "a recountal of woe, rather than a description of happiness, possesses most interest for mankind."

As to the style of Mr. Cooper's poems, it is extremely like that of Mr. G. K. Sims, only more so. This will appear plainly enough from the few quotations which it will be desirable to give here in order to illustrate the general character of Mr. Cooper's more sensational recounts of woe, and more realistic representations of the lightnings and thunders of life. The first and principal poem is called, not only *The Embalmed Heart*, but also *Endalee*, because that is the name of the heroine. The reciter is supposed to be recounting a woe of his own. He was only a medical student, but he loved. "The world," he begins by saying, "one woman held for me, Of all its countless host—and she I worshipped as my queen." The grammar is probably an incident of unambiguous narrative. The one woman was Endalee, and "Too soon the stalking fate aeneared That killed my every hope." The student had just been hugging her—

One last long kiss, one fond good-bye,
Ha! who are these approaching nigh?
Her parents 'tis I see.

* *The Embalmed Heart; and other Sensational Poems*. Suitable for Reading and Recitation. By E. J. Cooper (Aegzayce). London: Dean & Son.

And they kicked him out. They then proceeded to "prepare another marriage" with a promptitude worthy of Lord Bateman—

A penniless and aged earl
It was who'd wed my darling girl.

But Endalee sickened, and died on the day before that appointed for the marriage. The student had not been allowed to see her since his dismissal, and he was much disgusted:—

Delirium reigned where sense should be,
And my one shriek was "Endalee."
And "Endalee" again.

When she was dead, however, he was permitted to see the remains. What he saw and what he did the student describes with a realism which need not be followed here. It occurred to him that he had nothing of hers to keep. "Her heart," he remarked, "was mine in life." Taking advantage of his anatomical knowledge, he justifies the title of the poem (and of the volume) in a manner unparalleled except by "Jack the Ripper," and described in the baldest possible verse, and with literary graces like those which adorn the passages already extracted.

Another poem relates how a workman in a mill had a daughter called Laureen (which rhymes, by a happy chance, with been, green, and seen). She was taken ill when her father was at work. He wanted to go and nurse her:—

But ah! I dared not leave till I
Had got permission first.
Back then I dashed inside the mill;
The thing abroad had newsed;
As soon as I my plea put forth
The Owner it refused!

She died, and her father observed, "Oh! why, Laureen—Laureen, oh! why Didst thou Death's potion quaff?" But the Owner refused him leave to attend the funeral on Monday, and said he could wait till Saturday. So he exhumed the unfortunate Laureen on Monday night, and kept the body till Saturday—with details—when he went to the Owner's house "To in his cellar wine to lay Of every clime and brand." Then he put the defunct in a wine-cask and opened it before the Owner, who died of disgust on the following morning. The story of *Irrosa* ("Aegzayce's" taste in ladies' names is curious) is told by her husband, a reformed drunkard. He tried to murder her, but their dog flew at him and pinned him, so that "the blood that spurted from my throat commingled with her hair." The father of *Aurren* was also intemperate. Through his vice his daughter was starved, and instead of burying her with what money he had, he spent it in drink. But he had to eat something—and he did. *Elonga* is a comparatively clean and wholesome poem. "Her tears and her blood stained my coat." "I plunged in the knife yet again, With stabs that were savage and fierce; Her heart I endeavoured to pierce." However, "At last did her spirit take flight," and after that, so far as appears, he let her alone, so that this ballad may be thought trite by the sternest sect of "Aegzayce's" admirers.

THREE MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THE training of our girls has certainly improved since the day when it was considered unladylike for them to learn anything but the so-called accomplishments, and perhaps a slight smattering of housewifery. But if, as we think, the main object of true education should be to prepare the child mentally and physically to perform efficiently the work of her future life, then it must be admitted our present system is still very incomplete. We are not of opinion that woman's mission in life is "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer"; nevertheless, she ought to understand and be fitted to conscientiously perform the duties of wife and mother, which she is not unlikely to undertake. The importance to our race of the manner in which these duties are carried out can hardly be overrated. Yet the majority of girls are married without the vaguest notion of how to take care of the little ones who may probably be born. It has only recently been recognized that women are not by nature skilled sick nurses, but need to learn the art; and we are not without hope that in due time it may dawn upon the intelligence of the public that women are not intuitively acquainted with the conduct towards husband and children which will best promote the welfare of all. It may be objected to this that many women are never married; but even of these a large number are engaged in the management of children, and, if not, surely some slight knowledge of their own bodies would be no disadvantage to them. This book, by a mother, appears to us well calculated to supply this want as far as the management of children is concerned, until the time when a course of instruction in hygiene and elementary physiology shall form a part of the regular curriculum for boys and girls. When this desirable state of things shall have come about, this work will still form a useful textbook. A chapter on feeding the young at various ages and under different circumstances occupies more than one-third of the book,

* *Suggestions to Mothers on the Management of their Children*. By a Mother. London: J. & A. Churchill.

The Story of the Bacteria. By T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Leprosy: a Communicable Disease. By C. N. Macnamara. London: J. & A. Churchill.

and we do not think that such an important matter can well receive too much attention. Those on repose, fresh air and exercise, sea-air, and water are excellent. Whilst fully appreciating the advantages of fresh air, the author is happily quite cognisant of the extreme danger of exposing children to draughts and sudden changes of temperature. The chapter on croup would have been better omitted. A note might have been inserted in that on home remedies to the effect that the domestic remedy for simple laryngeal spasm is a teaspoonful of ipecacuanha wine, followed by warm water; vomiting is thereby induced, and the spasm almost always relieved. Acute laryngitis and diphtheria (membranous croup) have always premonitory symptoms which ought to lead the parent to seek medical aid. Judicious advice is given as to the home treatment of some of the minor ailments of children. The unsparring condemnation of that dangerous class of secret nostrums, known as patent medicines, and encouraged by the stamp of a paternal Government, is a very beneficent feature in the chapter on home remedies. Much knowledge and good feeling are displayed in the final chapter on education.

The Story of the Bacteria is a charming little book, in which the structure, life, and habits of these microscopic vegetables are graphically depicted. Without any breach of scientific accuracy, Dr. Prudden has cleverly managed to make a somewhat gruesome subject not only unrepulsive, but positively attractive. In his capacity for casting a poetic halo around some of the sternest and hardest of nature's facts he is worthy to be classed with that master in this branch of literature—the late Charles Kingsley—and with his own countryman Oliver Wendell Holmes. He first lightly but intelligibly sketches the cellular constitution of the human body, and then tells us what bacteria are, what they do, and how they are studied. He goes on to show us how some of them are terrible, though invisible, foes to the life of man. In discussing this part of bacteriology we are disposed to think that he goes a little beyond what has been at present demonstrated in speaking of bacteria as the sole efficient cause of such diseases as tuberculosis, typhoid, cholera, &c.; but even if this be so, the precautions which he suggests for the prevention of these scourges of humanity are indisputably good. We are glad to see that he lays great stress on a too little recognized source of danger—namely, impure ice. The last paragraph of the book is so full of sound common sense that we may be excused for quoting it in its entirety:—"There are many of the uncanny and disagreeable things of life from which it were better that most of us turned away our eyes. But the avoidance of some of those forms of illness whose causes have been considered in this little book, is so closely dependent upon a general knowledge of their nature, that the offence of unpleasant revelations may, it is hoped, be forgiven by the reader in view of the ultimate and universal good which these lines have been penned to foster."

The pamphlet on Leprosy is, with slight additions, a reprint of one written by Mr. Macnamara, and published in Calcutta in 1866. It contains also a letter of great interest from Dr. Hillebrand, dated February 1866, describing the introduction of leprosy into the Sandwich Islands and its rapid spread among a population to whom it was previously unknown. Mr. Macnamara treats of this disease by answering elaborately half a dozen questions, which we will repeat, giving in each the gist of his answers in a few brief words.

I. What are the distinguishing characters of leprosy? Is it a specific disease?

The two forms of the disease are well described, and the opinions are expressed that there can be no doubt about its specific character, and that it may probably be dependent upon a bacillus.

II. Is leprosy common among the natives of the East Indies? Is it on the increase or not?

The former of these queries is answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative. In the case of the latter, it is said that the absence of statistical data renders it impossible to reply with certainty, but that it probably is so.

III. Is leprosy confined to any particular class of natives? Are any exempt from its influences?

The author has found it more common in certain classes of natives than others, but that none are exempt from it—indeed, that there is no race of which the members are so.

IV. What circumstances appear to induce leprosy? Is it hereditary, is it communicable?

Defective hygienic conditions favour the spread of this as of other diseases. The author believes it to be communicable, though probably only in the ulcerative stage, and feels no doubt of its being frequently hereditary.

V. Has any provision been made for the cure or treatment of leprosy patients in India?

None! We fear this answer would be almost as applicable now as twenty years ago.

VI. Is the disease curable? or are there any methods for curtailing the spread of leprosy?

In its developed stage it is quite incurable. Segregation is the only effective measure for checking the spread of the disease.

The republication of this pamphlet at the present time, when the subject of leprosy is exciting so much interest, is opportune, and the opinions expressed in it, although formed twenty years ago, closely correspond with those held by "those who know" in 1889.

M. FEBVRE'S REMINISCENCES.*

IN publishing his *Au bord de la Scène* M. Febvre complies with the unwritten law which provides that every sociétaire of the Comédie-Française in the present day shall have some claim, literary or artistic, to consideration apart from his membership of that august body. His elastic title allows him to include in this his latest contribution to literature sketches and anecdotes but slightly connected with histrionic experience, and to lug in the records of gratifying acts of recognition or homage on the part of dignitaries, with which the budget of a successful artist is ordinarily well stocked. It is thus, while he has the honour to "cheminer en compagnie du comte de N—, alors ambassadeur en France, bien connu par la finesse de son esprit et la correction de ses manières," that the opportunity presents itself for recalling in "La carte à payer" the period of trial and privation which the career of most actors supplies. When, also, a "histoire vraie," and, we may add, *navrante*—"Les sabots de la vieille," the scene of which is laid in a "coin très pittoresque entre Perros-Guirec et Trégastel," "en Bretagne"—has to be told, it is sufficiently linked to M. Febvre's stage career by the fact that it is there he has come to pass "son congé." Not without interest or value are these portions of the volume, though French literature and journalism overflow with similar studies and revelations. Now and then, indeed, we get a thought or an epigram worthy of preservation. It is pleasant to find a piece of just criticism assigned to an English nobleman, Lord Granville, with whom during the Commune M. Febvre was asked to dine. In some preliminary lines M. Febvre has been bewailing the manner in which modern costume abolishes class distinctions, with the result that "la suprême élégance se résument dans un même et fraternel habit noir, les grandes manières n'étant plus les mêmes sous ce vêtement étriqué, l'aisance française a cédé la place à la raideur britannique; et la preuve est que l'on ne dit plus d'un monsieur qui a de bonnes manières: 'Il est distingué,' mais bien, 'Il est correct.' A propos to these reflections M. Febvre tells how, vaunting to Lord Granville, whom he calls "le gentilhomme le plus parisien du Royaume-Uni," the distinction of manners of Bressant, the following dialogue took place:—"Oh! Bressant n'est pas distingué, me dit-il.—Vous trouvez, milord?—Oh! non. Lafont est distingué, Bressant est comme il faut." On which he observes, "Ceux qui se souviennent de Lafont et de sa haute allure dans le prince de Rabagès apprécieront la finesse de cette nuance."

It is, however, in his artistic recollections and experiences that M. Febvre is most amusing. Possessor of a vein of quiet humour, he leaves the reader occasionally in doubt as to whether he is serious or ironical. In the case of the actors with whom he deals, it is safer to assume that all is meant. In "Le costume au théâtre," which is dedicated to M. Francisque Sarcey, and from which the previous dialogue is taken, M. Febvre is at his best. Little information upon the history of costume is attempted. A light, however, is cast upon the influence of costume upon the artist, a subject at once fresher and more interesting. Talmia thus, after donning in his dressing-room the costume of Manilius, and scrutinizing carefully the folds of his toga, said to one of his sons, from whom M. Febvre obtained the anecdote, "Là! Voici la moitié de mon rôle jouée." This story is in keeping with the credit attached by Talmia, in his *Souvenirs*, to the part taken by David in the reformation established in the adjustment of theatrical costumes—a part, however, in which, it is but just to say, he had been to some extent anticipated by his master Vien, and also by Gabriel-François Doyen. A marvellous but easily credible piece of artistic conscientiousness is narrated on equally good authority of Brunet, an admirable comedian who was at school with Talmia, and is said to have created six hundred comic parts. In *La Maison en Loterie* Brunet enacted a proprietor who had only to speak from the other side of a wall, and consequently was unseen by the public. Nightly, in order to play this rôle, he got himself up conscientiously, with wig, spectacles, and all similar accessories. Potier, from whose son M. Febvre obtains the anecdote, pointed out that this costume, the accuracy of which the public were in no position to test, was superfluous and useless. "Mais si! mais si! c'est utile," lui répond Brunet; "avec le costume de ce propriétaire, avec sa perruque, ses lunettes, je prends son allure . . . et avec son allure, sa voix! . . . Et puis, si le mur tombait!" The first part of the defence is entitled to respect as well as credit; the concluding supposition seems to link the story with folklore. Even more remarkable is an anecdote which M. Febvre narrates as a personal experience of Mélincue, with whom, under the direction of Marc Fournier, he was playing at the Porte-Saint-Martin in the *Schamyl* of Paul Meurice. Mélincue, though the performance did not begin until half-past seven, had the habit of arriving at the theatre at four. Passing before the dressing-room M. Febvre saw Mélincue busy. He entered, and stood stupefied. What he saw M. Febvre must relate:—"Il se rasant les jambes comme on se rase la barbe, sous le prétexte que les Orientaux ont l'habitude de s'épiler. Après avoir peint ses jambes, comme on se peint le visage, il chauffait ses babouches, et, comme on le peut penser, jamais un maillot n'eût donné un résultat semblable à celui qu'il obtenait grâce à ce sacrifice capillaire." This anecdote may rank with one current in England; but, unfortunately for the

* Frédéric Febvre de la Comédie-Française. *Au bord de la Scène*. Avec une préface de M. Jules Claretie, administrateur général de la Comédie-Française. Paris: Ollendorff.

credit of English art, told concerning an amateur and not a "professional," that when he played Othello he always blackened himself all over.

For this thoroughness on matters of costume M. Febvre has an unconcealed admiration; and he mentions how on a revival of *Lucrèce Borgia* at the Porte-Saint-Martin Mélingue, as Alphonse d'Este, before he had spoken a word, was, for his costume only, applauded "à trois reprises successives." A somewhat dangerous experiment was tried by Mathis in Dennery's *Bohémiens de Paris*; when playing a man who sought in the madness produced by brandy oblivion of his misfortunes, he fixed on his face tears composed of gum. Of Mme. Marie Laurent in *La Voleuse d'Enfants*, of Léonard in the Gymnase, and of other artists, he speaks as masters of "la loque pittoresque." In the rôle of Saltabadil, in *Le Roi s'amuse*, he claims himself to have succeeded, eliciting from M. Perrin, director of the Comédie-Française, the compliment, "Plus je vous regarde, et plus il me semble que j'ai des envies folles de me gratter—ce n'est pas un costume, c'est une *démangeaison*!" Not always was he so successful. Having to play the rôle of Le Duc de Némours in *Louis XI et les grands vassaux* of Victor Séjour, he hunted out an old plate on which the Duc was shown with an immense two-handed sword without a sheath, attached on the back of the wearer by a double chain which was crossed over the breast. Proud of his discovery, he entered thus equipped, to be greeted by M. Sarcey with a laughing and deadly "Tiens! un rognon brochette!" An even worse adventure befel Adolphe Berton, who, playing Charles VII., borrowed from the Musée d'Artillerie a veritable casque of the period. Whether through rust or the existence of some unknown spring, the visor fell at a critical moment, and could not be lifted, and the remainder of the play had to be presented with the actor still imprisoned.

It is somewhat surprising to hear M. Febvre speak of having played at half-past five o'clock and finished while it was still daylight a spectacle composed of *Le Chien de Montargis* and *Le Sonneur de Saint-Paul*. He laments the publicity which "le reportage" has given to the life of the comedian, and the consequent loss by the public of the sentiment of curiosity as to his personality outside the theatre, but consoles himself with the aphorism or the paradox, "Nous avons gagné en considération ce que nous avons perdu en originalité." A sign of the change that has come over the conditions of the stage is the disappearance of *camaraderie* among actors who no longer "se sentent les coudes." He regrets the suppers which used to follow a first representation, either "chez Truchot, au coin de la rue de Lancry," or "chez Bertrand, un petit marchand de vins restaurateur," whose modest shop has disappeared, and the joys of anecdotes and the gay projects there formed. "Tout était modeste à cette époque. La mise en scène, cette *pourvoyeuse de la faillite*, n'avait pas encore fait ses ravages." In the revival of *Henri III et sa Cour* at the Gaîté, Hostein, the director, declared he was about to ruin himself. For the decorations and dresses, including the costumes of Frédéric Lemaître in the Duc de Guise, Laferrière in Saint-Mégrin, and Mme. Naptal-Arnaut in the Duchess, he should spend five to six thousand francs. With some self-humiliation M. Febvre confesses that, at the subsequent revival of the piece during the present year at the Théâtre Français, his own costume and arms as the Duc de Guise cost about the same as the entire previous performance. *A propos* to the Gaîté revival, the difficulty is mentioned of the manager with three actors, each having the right to be "en vedette"—that is, to have his name preceding that of his fellows. In his embarrassment he appealed to Frédéric, who said "Mettez-les tous en vedette . . . et moi, mettez-moi dans le tas, avec les autres. . . . On me trouvera le soir." All too few are the souvenirs of Frédéric. In the afore-mentioned rôle of Guise, however, M. Febvre has seen him, when suffering from his feet, come on the stage in the fourth act, wearing "chaussons de Strasbourg," and gives the assurance that, on seeing and hearing him, little attention was paid to the anachronism.

M. Febvre's recollections generally are few and appetizing. They are ushered into the world, after a custom much in vogue of late, and not widely dissimilar from the practice of prefixing to a work commendatory verses in the days of Shakspeare, by a preface from the pen of M. Jules Claretie. The point in this is the prediction addressed to the author, "Votre livre réussira comme un de vos rôles," which is imitated from a madrigal of Villemain, celebrated in the Institut. In receiving M. Scribe, Villemain began:—"Monsieur, votre discours a réussi comme une de vos pièces."

ENGLAND AND SOUTH AFRICA.*

MR. GIBBS has attempted a difficult task. In a volume of a hundred and thirty-two pages he has dealt more or less with all the questions that have arisen in the past, or now confront us in Africa from Zanzibar to the Cape. Not content with this, he has thrown in the unconsidered trifle of a chapter on Madagascar. It is obvious that there are two ways of dealing with so vast a subject, or rather group of subjects; either it should be treated exhaustively, in which case the results would be imposing—indeed, so imposing, that few would study them—

or the really vital questions should be brilliantly and tersely summed up, all that is material should be thrown prominently forward, and repetition sternly avoided. Mr. Gibbs seems to have desired to combine both methods, and we cannot say that he has succeeded. Nor does he appear to have the first requisite for such a task, personal knowledge of the country of which he treats, for in his dedication he expressly states that he does not pretend to have written from materials collected by his own travel and observation, and, indeed, we should have gathered as much from his book. To take a single instance of his method, the twenty pages devoted to the history of the Transvaal are a model of confusion, for he ends the consideration of his subject where he ought to begin it, by discussing the Sand River Convention of 1852. They are also not void of inaccuracies. Thus on p. 26 we read that the forces of President Burgess (*qy. Burgers*) were defeated, "that under these circumstances Great Britain interfered, and Sir Garnet Wolseley subdued Secocoeni. Peace was concluded on February 5, 1877." Now, as a matter of fact, Sir Garnet Wolseley did not subdue Secocoeni till after the Zulu War, or some three years later. Again, on p. 27, we read:—"It is sufficient to say that towards the end of October, 1878, the Zulus attacked Colonel Griffiths, the Resident in the Transvaal, with overwhelming forces, and compelled him to retire; that in January, 1879, we were defeated with heavy loss at Rorke's Drift," &c. Of the first of these incidents, the attack on Colonel Griffiths, we confess we have no recollection, but perhaps our memory is at fault here. What, however, is meant by "the Resident in the Transvaal"? A Resident was, indeed, appointed after the retrocession of the country to the Boers in August 1881; but at the date of which Mr. Gibbs writes the Government was administered by Sir Theophilus Shepstone. Also, we always thought that it was not at Rorke's Drift that we met with defeat, but at Isandhlwana. Hitherto we had associated Rorke's Drift with a certain gallant defence, in which biscuit-boxes and bayonets played a conspicuous part. Before a writer ventures on the historical treatment of a most intricate subject, it is surely desirable that he should make himself a thorough master of his facts. This precaution Mr. Gibbs appears to have neglected, and by so doing he has thrown away a considerable opportunity, for a clear, accurate, and forcible book on South African matters would have been welcome at this time. We regret the obligation that is on us to speak thus of Mr. Gibbs's work, for his aim is a good one, and his heart in the right place. He clearly sees the evils that have been brought upon South Africa by the folly of successive Governments, and he does not overstate the case when he writes that the past history of South Africa is a "melancholy record of imbecility, vacillation, cowardice, and parsimony."

Mr. Gibbs, in his chapter headed "The Latest News," deals at some length with the Swaziland question. He points out the great danger in which England stands of losing that country, and further that all the efforts made by persons interested in preventing this catastrophe have not succeeded in wringing from Her Majesty's Government any downright expression of their intentions on the subject. All that Lord Knutsford will commit himself to is an assertion "that Sir Francis de Winton's mission to Swaziland is one of inquiry, with a view to enabling Her Majesty's Government to decide what course it is most desirable to take in regard to that country, in the interest of both natives and white settlers, and of South Africa generally." This is all very well; but it may have been noticed by students of South African history, that when the Colonial Office despatches a representative on a mission of "inquiry," it has very generally given that representative a strong hint as to what kind of report will be most acceptable to it. There is little doubt that the Colonial Office recently entertained, and in all probability still entertains, a project of surrendering Swaziland to the Boers, in the hope of reducing its correspondence and ridding itself of responsibility, and that nothing short of strong pressure from outside opinion will prevent it from following its traditional policy of shame and disaster in this instance also. But will that pressure be forthcoming? Mr. Gibbs also prints in his "Conclusion" certain extracts from the farewell speech of Sir Hercules Robinson to the people of the Cape Colony, of which the telegraphic summary created some excitement in this country. He points out, with force, that a school of public servants has grown up who seem to find their duty in working injury to the country which they serve, instancing as examples Mr. Gladstone in the Ionian Isles, Sir John Pope Hennessy in Mauritius, the Marquess of Ripon in India, and Earl Spencer in Ireland. "But perhaps," he adds, "Sir Hercules Robinson is the most conspicuous, as he is the latest, specimen of the faithless servant. Sent out eight years ago, not only as Governor of the Cape, but as High Commissioner of Her Majesty's possessions in South Africa, he makes a farewell speech to the Cape colonists, in which he practically advises them to aim at becoming a republic, and assuming the control of South and Central Africa. Sir Hercules does not, in so many words, advocate slavery; but, if we read between the lines, we may see that he has become a convert to the Boer doctrine of enforced labour." Then follow extracts from the famous "speech." We confess, if they are faithfully reported, that they strike us as odd utterances to have come from the lips of a servant of Her Majesty. But then we live in a remarkable age, in which servants of Her Majesty often take strange views of their duty to their Queen and country.

WATSON'S GUSTAVUS VASA.*

SWEDISH history seems to be attracting a good deal of interest in England at present. We have but just welcomed Mr. Bain's remarkable volume when a new writer, Mr. Watson, comes forward with a careful and original study of the great Revolution under Gustavus Vasa. From a variety of small indications we gather the impression that Mr. Watson is an American; but his book is no warming up of cold meats. He has mastered one of the most crabbed and thankless of dialects, the Swedish vernacular of the early part of the sixteenth century, and at Stockholm and at Upsala he has personally examined and deciphered the masses of MSS., particularly those in the Palmskiöld collection, which bear most directly upon the time of Gustavus. The authorities of the Royal Archives are gradually printing these uncouth heaps of documentary evidence; but the bulk still remains inedited, and Mr. Watson quotes on almost every page from papers which it must have cost him a great deal of labour to read. We are bound to suppose, of course, that he has read correctly; and he is careful to collate his own view of the text with those of the first Swedish authorities, such as Fryxell, Svedelius, and Bishop Anjou. In England the romantic story of Gustavus has been familiar commonplace of history; but very little or nothing of an exact nature has been published on this subject. In 1761 Henry Augustus Raymond, writing under the pseudonym of Sarah Scott, printed a *Life of Gustavus Vasa*, which had some pretensions. An anonymous biography, of no authority, appeared in 1852. With these exceptions, we know of no English work which has attempted to cover the ground so minutely surveyed by Mr. Watson.

The period of Swedish history which immediately preceded the Revolution of 1521 is exceedingly obscure, chaotic, and unattractive. The record of anarchy is never inspiring reading, and the tyranny of Denmark produced, in its early phases, but one man, Sten Sture, on whose memory the mind rests with sympathy and respect. Mr. Watson, in face of the hopeless confusion of the early authorities, decides that Gustavus Vasa must have been born neither in 1487, nor in 1495, nor in 1490, but on the 12th of May, 1496. At that time the Swedish nation, gradually gathering force and patriotism, had been for forty years engaged in persistently rebelling with modified success against the hateful Danish yoke, and for the last thirteen years, since the miserable diet of Kalmar, the struggle had ceased and the King of Denmark seemed firmly seated again in Sweden. Sture, as Regent, alone held out, and, in the autumn of the very year that saw the birth of Gustavus, that noble-minded patriot, rather than bend to the King of Denmark, retired to the recesses of the Dales. Nothing could be more thorny than the maze of intrigues and guerrilla warfare which occupied the next twenty years, a maze through which the reader must permit Mr. Watson to be his careful and intelligent guide. At this point, as an example of Mr. Watson's style, we may give a portion of the passage in which he has reconstructed, mainly from the *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus* of Olaus Magni, published at Rome in 1555, a picture of Stockholm at the beginning of the sixteenth century:—

The main isle, on which "the city," so called, was built, stretched scarce a quarter of a mile from east to west, and but little more from north to south. . . . Through the centre of the main isle ran a huge backbone of rock. . . . The summit of this ridge was crowned by the royal citadel, a massive edifice of stone, the northern wall of which ran close along the shore, so that the soldier on patrol could hear the ripple of the water on the rocks below. From either side of the citadel the town walls ran south at a distance of perhaps a hundred feet from the shore, meeting at a point about the same distance from the southern channel. Within the triangle thus formed, not over twenty-five acres all told, lived and moved five thousand human beings. The streets, it need scarcely be said, were narrow, dark, and damp. The houses were lofty, generally with high pitch-roofs, to prevent the snow from gathering on them. The doors and windows were high, but narrow, to keep out the cold, and were built in the sides of the house, not in front, owing to the darkness and narrowness of the streets. To economize space, most of the houses were built in blocks of five or six, wholly separated from their neighbours, and forming a sort of castle by themselves. The only church inside the walls was the so-called Great Church on the summit of the hill. . . . Two squares, the largest not more than eighty yards in length, served at once as the market, the promenade, and the place of execution for the town. . . . All around the main island, some fifty feet from the shore, ran a long bridge on piles, built as a safe-guard against hostile ships.

Such was the Stockholm, with its curious guilds, into whose life Gustavus passed in the year 1514. He arrived in it during a brief lull in the distressing storm in that century almost incessantly blowing upon the unhappy coast of Sweden. It was in the course of the same year that to the feeble Hans succeeded Christiern II. of Denmark, a figure base enough and sanguinary enough to adorn the fabulous annals of some African dynasty. The reign of this monster marked the lowest point in the miserable history of Swedish oppression, and it was his incredible treachery and cruelty which forced the timid peasantry to respond to the final appeal of Gustavus.

The contest between Sture, as Regent, and the truculent young Archbishop of Upsala, Gustaf Trolle, occupies a large portion of Mr. Watson's earlier chapters, and appeals rather to the curious than to the general reader. It is necessary to the thread of his discourse, since the fact that the cause of Trolle was taken up by Christiern II. prepared the way for the final catastrophe. When, in September 1518, the King of Denmark,

driven from the walls of Stockholm, formed the devilish project of demanding six noble Swedes as hostages, and then of bolting with them, Gustavus Vasa was one of those who were thus captured and carried off by the Danish fleet in defiance of the elements of international law. He was taken to Kalb Castle, a fortress on a promontory of Jutland, where he had to listen, as Svart tells us in his naïve old chronicle, to nothing but tales of the greatness of King Christiern, and of the armaments he was fitting out to punish the patriots of Sweden. He was imprisoned in this melancholy castle for a year; and there occurred that romantic escape, in the garb of a drover, and that no less romantic flight to Lübeck, and, on the 31st of May, 1520, to Kalmar, which have inspired so many poets and painters. He had arrived in Sweden at a critical moment. The heroic Sture had just fallen, fighting for the liberty of his country in the forests of Västergötland, and Sweden was without a leader. The patriot army was on the very verge of ruin, and the siege of the Regent's widow, the noble Christina, in her little city of Stockholm, had begun four days before her nephew, Gustavus Vasa, landed. Through that summer of 1520, the latter was hiding as near Stockholm as the presence of the Danish cavalry would let him come, until in November news reached him of that blood-bath in the Citadel of Stockholm, in which four-fifths of the nobility of Sweden fell at one stroke to satisfy the malignity of Christiern II. It was flying from one covert to another through Dalarne, and stung by the knowledge that his own father had fallen among the rest, that Gustavus Vasa began to address the villagers, and stir them against the Danish monster. According to contemporary tradition, it was at the hamlet of Mora, on Lake Siljan, a spot now sacred to the Swedish pilgrim, and upon Christmas morning, that Gustavus uttered the first of his patriotic appeals to his downtrodden countrymen. Early in 1521 he had roused the province of Dalarne; doubting the power of his own words, he was making his way to the frontier of Norway, when a deputation of the villagers of Mora pursued, and brought him back. He found himself at the head of a little army of highlanders, and the Swedish Revolution had begun. Our chief authority for these picturesque incidents is *Gustaf I's Kröniks*, written by Peder Svart, who pronounced the funeral oration over the body of Gustavus on the 21st of December, 1560, and who had been one of his most intimate counsellors.

It is a point of considerable merit in Mr. Watson's work that, without any straining of facts, he makes us feel that the Swedish Revolution was the work of his hero, and of his personal character alone. His chronicle of the movement melts into a history of the man, and if ever it was true that a nation owed its independence, its national life, to a single person, that was true in the case of Sweden and her Vasa king. If Gustavus had died in one of the uncertain skirmishes of his first campaign, it is hardly possible to see who, after the massacre of the nobles had lopped off all the heads of the leading families, could have taken the position of a commander. Sweden must have sunk into such a mere province and dependency of Denmark as Norway became. When, on the 6th of June, 1523, Gustavus was made king by acclamation at the Diet of Strengnäs, he was not merely the best, but he was the only practicable, candidate for the crown; and whatever the faults of Gustavus may have been, it remains a fact that when, thirty-seven years later, he laid down his laurels in the grave, he left what he had found a tormented appanage of the Danish throne, a power among the monarchies of Europe. As Mr. Watson says, with complete truth, "In all history there is no more striking example of the far-reaching influence which individual characters sometimes exert upon a nation's growth."

The great War of Independence was no sooner brought to a close by the coronation of Gustavus than the transformation of religious belief which culminated in the Reformation began to make itself felt. The Popes had, with the possible exception of Adrian VI., no sympathy with the North and no knowledge of its requirements. In their struggle for independence, the Swedes had found Rome the supporter of their tyrants, and their own Archbishop of Upsala the most insidious of their enemies. The wealth and luxury of the clergy, particularly within the six cathedral chapters, contrasted with the misery of the common people, and the most superstitious could not but begin to observe it. The piracies of the Danes might reduce the inhabitants of Östergötland to gnaw the bark off the trees and grind nuts and acorns for bread, but it did not lessen the splendour of the services in the cathedral of Linköping. It was impossible but that wealth so pompously displayed and so selfishly hoarded should excite the cupidity alike of people and of sovereign. Accordingly we find Gustavus gaining popularity while he fills his exhausted treasury by forcing the indignant bishops to disgorge their marks and guilders. Yet, curiously enough, the actual blow was dealt from within the Swedish Church itself. The Luther of Swedish reformation was Olaus Petri, a blacksmith's son, who, from his post as head of the chapter school in Strengnäs, obtained a great ascendancy over the bishop of that diocese, Laurentius Andreæ, and persuaded him to wink at the preaching of heresy under the very towers of his cathedral. Urged by Petri, Andreæ proposed to the Vadstena Chapter, as early as February 1524, that the writings of Luther should no longer be excluded, but subjected to fair critical examination in comparison with the Scriptures. Four months later Petri and Andreæ had been advanced to higher ecclesiastical posts in Stockholm and Upsala, and the King had openly espoused the cause of the Reformation. In February, 1525, Olaus Petri

* *The Swedish Revolution under Gustavus Vasa.* By Paul Barron Watson. London: Sampson Low & Co.

was publicly married in Stockholm, and it was too late for any step backward to be taken.

We must not continue our survey of Mr. Watson's volume any further. The period with which it deals is not one of great interest to the average English reader, and may be said to appeal to comparatively few. But those who are attracted to it will be pleased by the modesty and thoroughness of the author, by his simple enthusiasm, and by the care he has taken to sacrifice nothing to a clear and honest presentation of the facts.

LIFE AND SPORT IN SOUTHERN INDIA.*

COLONEL DRURY, in his short preface, says that he may be thought presumptuous for writing about "India" when he is familiar only with a limited area, and that in the South. It is for this very reason that his production possesses a certain value. He does not write about the India of hot winds, celebrated battle-fields, and Imperial ruins. He describes a tract of country comparatively little known, and certainly not tempting to the cold-weather tourist and sportsman. He has something to say about the bison and the elephant, hot rides in the day across dusty plains, and cold bivouacs in tents in the Nelliampatti Hills, where the sleepless coolies shivered and half the goats and all the kids died in one night. He writes in a straightforward and simple style; and though he is rather given to display familiar Latin quotations, the habit may be pardoned in one who bears a name associated with the classics. We hear very little about long lines of trained elephants, and the results of some of his expeditions were certainly not large bags. The scene of his adventures was not favourable to slaughter. When he came up with a herd of bison, after crawling on his hands and knees through wild cane and thick jungle, he lodged a bullet in an animal, which stunned and did not kill. He wounded an elephant of such portentous size that the beast had been taken by him for a rock: *dura silex, aut stet Marpesia cautes*, Colonel Drury might have added. The animal was found dead by the natives ten weeks afterwards, and we are not surprised to learn that they had appropriated the tusks. Game of various kinds, if ever plentiful, was not easy to find in the jungle; and the author expressly says that in a land where game laws are unknown and certificates have not been invented, in a ride of eight and a walk of three miles, occupying an hour and a half, he only met with four elk, eight or nine snipe, two hares, and five jungle fowl. We apprehend that by elk the author means the Sambur deer. Captain Baldwin in his accurate work on the *Large and Small Game of Bengal* especially tells us that sportsmen in Ceylon give the name of elk to the Sambur, and assures us that the real elk is only to be met with in Sweden, Siberia, and North America. It is known to naturalists as the *cerus alces*. Colonel Drury greatly objects to the system by which the natives entrap wild elephants in Southern India. They are driven by an army of beaters into a stockade, which a certain amount of skill and labour, aided by the nature of the ground, has converted into a prison, out of which the enraged animals cannot break. Pits are dug and are covered with layers of light bamboo and leaves, and the unfortunate elephant that falls into one of them, twenty feet deep, is either maimed or rendered useless, or is only got out when within a few inches of death by starvation. There is naturally great difficulty in freeing the captive if he survives his first tumble. Branches and leaves and rubbish are shot into the pit, so as to lift the elephant to a point where his legs and neck can be secured. He is then harnessed to two or three tame elephants, usually females, and hauled up by main force. This cruel and characteristic practice used to be followed in the jungles of Assam, but, if we recollect right, it was most properly prohibited by an unsympathizing and despotic Government. Colonel Drury, we may say, was no fair-weather sportsman who would not move without an army of coolies, a double set of tents with loads of upholstery, and an ample supply of provisions cased in tin. He had rather a contempt for the bullock-cart, which is the habitual mode of conveyance in many parts of Bombay and Madras; when arched over with matting and drawn by fine bullocks it is not so uncomfortable a vehicle, and is often used by English ladies and their children in preference to a palanquin. He rode boldly in the heat and glare of the day, and could be content at the dreariest of Dawk Bungalows with the simplest and hardest fare. On one occasion a native proprietor allowed him to take up his quarters in a granary with a verandah; and, though there was just room enough for the Colonel to stow away his cot and arrange his table, he thought this life perfectly charming, and could have stayed there many days had it not been for the illness and death of a friend.

But the author's experiences were not confined to the jungle. He held the office of Assistant to the Resident in Travancore and Cochin; and in this capacity he visited places and was admitted to exhibitions marked by something beyond the invariable *attar* and *pawn*. He sailed for a day and a night along that extraordinary backwater which is protected from the violence of the

Indian Ocean, and yet in some places is so wide as to get up a mimic sea of its own. With a few artificial cuttings, this natural waterway now extends one hundred and seventy-five miles from Trevandrum, the capital of the native State of Travancore, to British territory. On one tour with the Resident—who, it may be conceived, marched with a guard of Sepoys and an enormous retinue of servants, and not with the modest equipment of a sportsman—Colonel Drury was enabled to make an excursion to Cape Comorin. His description of this spot, seldom visited by Englishmen, is a good specimen of the author's powers of observation and style:—

From the hot, scorching plains, to come in a morning's ride before breakfast, to a fine, large house on the sea-coast was inexpressibly delightful. We are surrounded on three sides by the ocean, and can see the sun rise and set beyond the waves. . . . A more retired spot in India could scarcely be selected than this for those who are fond of a quiet life; I will not say a solitary one, for the sea, the restless, ever-changing sea, is a companion one never tires of.

He goes on to describe the beach, covered with fossil limestone; some pieces of broken quartz, with the size and appearance of grains of rice, concerning which there is, of course, a legend about a maiden and a faithless lover, and a curse pronounced by the lady; the scanty vegetation, as if nature at this point had exhausted her productive powers; the dreary landscape and the background of mountains, 5,000 feet in height, ending in a black, precipitous rock about fifteen miles from the sea.

About Cochin and the white Jews the author has something to say. These curious people, remarkably fair, whose women display considerable beauty with light ringlets and blue eyes, are fast diminishing by emigration and death. If not prevented by want of means, they all wish to get back to Jerusalem. The Black Jews are much more numerous. The term *Topass* caused the author considerable perplexity. It is hinted that the word may be another form of *Dubash*, an interpreter, or one who knows *dui* (two) *Bhaska* (languages). But Colonel Yule is much more likely to have hit on the correct derivation. It is a corruption of the Turkish *topchi*, a gunner or artilleryman, or it comes from *topiwala*, one who wears a hat. Now, seeing that any European wearing a hat is often designated by the natives as *topiwala*, it seems more probable that the dark-skinned, half-caste claimants of Portuguese descent were called *Topasses* because they were formerly employed as gunners. In Fryer's Index *Topasses* are specially said to be musketeers or firemen.

Of the Raja of Travancore and his enlightened Minister, Sir Madhava Rao, Colonel Drury speaks in terms of well-deserved praise. The last Raja of Tanjore, who died in 1855, was more like the typical Raja. He possessed, it is true, a large and valuable library, with some curious manuscripts, which have been catalogued by the late Dr. Burnell, of the Madras Civil Service. But he was fond of exhibitions and combats, which are poor indications of civilization and progress. There were combats of buffaloes kept in a half wild state, as well as of rams and antelopes. It is noteworthy to be told on the author's authority, which we do not doubt, that in a fight between a wild boar and a goat the latter was the conqueror nine times out of ten. It is right to state that the forehead of the goat was armed with a long and sharp knife to put it on an equality with the boar's tusks. Yet if the boar could once have got within the knife's point, like a swordsman within the lance, and have delivered his well-known cut between the fore and the hind legs of his antagonist, there can be little doubt that the goat would have been disembowelled. The combat of animals was, in the author's view, less barbarous than a boxing-match between two pugilists. They are called "Jetties," and the naked fist is armed with a small strip of hide or bamboo, furnished with four sharp edges. The fight, which is graphically described in terms which we do not care to reproduce, often ends in the death of one or other of the combatants. A gladiatorial exhibition could scarcely have been more disgraceful and repulsive, and it is small consolation to learn that the family of a deceased pugilist is usually pensioned by the Raja. Many feats of dexterity on the part of Indian jugglers have often been witnessed and well described, but we do not recollect to have heard before of the feat related in the following description. "A man came on the stage armed from head to foot with keen-edged knives of various shapes and sizes." There were half a dozen on his arms, calves, and feet. Yet he managed for nearly one hour to dance, skip, and twist his arms and legs right, left, forwards, and backwards, without showing the least graze or abrasure on his skin. Colonel Drury must have been glad when the juggler was allowed to *salsam* to the Raja and withdraw. This feat was almost surpassed by that of a boy who, after performing divers evolutions and contortions, actually sat on his own head.

Among other curious physical objects in Southern India is a sort of natural breakwater formed opposite one of the towns in the Travancore State, known as Allepey or Alleppi. The town is situated on land between the open sea and the backwater already alluded to. But the open roadstead is protected from the south-west monsoon by a bank of mud of about three miles in length. It is not always stationary, as it has shifted its position in the last fifty years. There is no river in the neighbourhood, to create the bar so familiar to navigators of other streams discharging themselves into the Bay of Bengal or the Indian Ocean. In explanation it is suggested that the material of the mud-bank comes from the backwater through some mysterious and subterranean channel. It requires no engineering knowledge to

* *Reminiscences of Life and Sport in Southern India.* By Colonel Heber Drury, late Madras Staff Corps and Assistant Resident in Travancore and Cochin, Author of "The Useful Plants of India," "Handbook of the Indian Flora," &c. &c. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

see that such a mudbank could not have been thrown up by the mere action of the waves on the ocean-bed or shore; for in that case, it must have taken the shape of an accretion to the land, and not of a breakwater at a distance sufficient to form a harbour. But India has always been a land in which nature's operations—landslips, accretions and diluvions, storms and hurricanes—are effected on a gigantic and bewildering scale. Probably in no part of India are the barriers of caste more rigid than in the South. Some low caste Caanikars, whom we cannot find distinctly mentioned in the *Imperial Gazetteer*, are not allowed to come within twenty paces, not to say of a Brahman or Kshatriya, but of an ordinary shopkeeper. If one of these miserable outcasts wants to buy a little rice, he puts his small coin in front of the shop, and retires. The shopkeeper takes his money and leaves an equivalent in rice. Olaires and Naiaddys are even lower in the scale. They wear little or no clothing, and live on roots, herbs, and the flesh of wild beasts. They are obviously aborigines who have adopted some of the forms of Hindu society. Brahmins in Southern India exact or are accustomed to a show of respect which certainly would not be conceded to them in Upper or Central India. In Colonel Drury's time ordinary Hindus of the lower castes, and not mere jungly people, scattered right and left along the road when they saw a Brahman approaching. This entirely bears out the accounts of missionaries to those parts as to the unapproachable sanctity of the highest caste. The ceremony of weighing a Raja or other important personage against so many gold *mohurs* is not peculiar, as imagined by Colonel Drury, to Travancore. It is not unusual in Upper India and Lower Bengal, and great is the rejoicing of the attendants and retainers if the great man takes an extra bag or two to make the scales equal. Altogether there is more to be gleaned from this modest volume than from more imposing and bulky works. The resources of India, like those of civilization, are by no means exhausted for the resident, official and unofficial, who can use his wits and write with discretion about what he really knows.

MISS DUNLOP'S ANENT OLD EDINBURGH.*

THOUGH the late Miss Alison Hay Dunlop's little book, *Anent Old Edinburgh*, is very interesting in itself, it is less interesting than the brief sketch of her life. Hers was an admirable example of Scotch character at its best, with its probity, vigour, industry, love of the traditional past, and unfaltering courage in the trials of life. She was born in Stockbridge, a suburb of Edinburgh, and a place which can only seem agreeable to people who have known it intimately and long. The foul Water of Leith, which was once so beautiful and full of trout, flows through it with a current like the bottlenecks of stale beer. The bridge itself is no marvel of architecture, and the best thing to be said for the suburb is that you can get out of it easily, in the course of a five minutes' walk, into the country beyond the Grange cricket-ground, and the fields which were so pretty before the Fettes College people destroyed the leafy lanes and laid down their preposterously pretentious roads. Though born in Stockbridge, a Sparta which she endeavoured to adorn, Miss Dunlop came of a family in the hill country of Selkirkshire, and her mother's house, of Huguenot extraction, had long been yeomen, near Melrose. Her holidays were passed at Kaeaside, on the Abbotsford property; Scott used to sign himself "Abbotsford and Kaeaside." During a long illness here as a child she read Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, and was led to infer that she was "a haill infirmary" of maladies. To divert her mind she turned to Border antiquities, and is said to have known several ballads which never appeared in print. She did not write them out, and it is rather difficult to believe that any real unpublished ballads—not mere variants—came to her after escaping Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Maidment, Scott, and so many other famous collectors. At school she was so clever and ambitious that she got a double remove and kept at the head of her new class among her seniors. Many years of her life were now devoted to historical and literary study, and she also did some work as a visiting governess by way of learning to teach, in case a profession of some sort should become needful. She attended Professor Masson's lectures to women on English literature and won the first prize among the learned ladies. "She ever afterwards entertained the deepest admiration and regard for the Professor." She had been engaged for some years to a man whose character possessed a singular charm, a man of humour, and with a real, if rather scanty, vein of poetry—Mr. Thomas Davidson. His memoirs—*The Life of a Scottish Probationer*—were published by the Rev. James Brown (Maclehose, 1877), and ought to be read by any one who is interested in two touching and edifying lives. When Mr. Thackeray edited the *Cornhill* he published Mr. Davidson's youthful piece, *Ariadne in Naxos*, and we may believe that he remembered Pen's famous epic on that theme. But Mr. Davidson's *Ariadne* was much less representative of his talent than his charming song, "The Auld Ash Tree," and his many delightful and humorous letters. It was in 1863 that he became acquainted with Miss Dunlop, to whom, during a long and unfulfilled engagement closed by his death, he wrote much, both in prose and verse.

* *Anent Old Edinburgh*. By Alison Hay Dunlop. Edinburgh: Menzies & Co. 1889.

Yestreen I roamed by Jedwater,
When the sun was set and the dew was down.
An' there was a song in Jedwater,
An' my Ailie's name was its tune.

He never obtained a living, and, when plucked by the Presbytery on one occasion, produced a ditty—

Woe's me that I rejected am—

"which he used to sing to the tune *Coleshill*." "You see I can enjoy almost anything," he said; and he had the gift of making almost anything enjoyable. Indeed, literature was quite evidently his true business. But his health declined; he died in 1870, and was buried within sound of Jedwater. Among his latest verses was "To Amanda, who has achieved her first white hair":—

"Out, pale traitor," didst thou say?
Prithee, have good counsel, Lady,
Let it grow till all be grey;
All the world is old already;
The world is old, the times wax late,
And youth, my dear, is out of date.

A few months before Mr. Davidson's death Miss Dunlop lost her father, and her own health began to give way. She wisely sought a cure in hard work, and entered her elder brother's business, that of a dealer in old furniture, china, prints, and *bibelots* in general. Her knowledge was rather puzzling to one of her customers, a lady who thought it judicious to talk French before her, as an unknown tongue, and then to venture on German; in both languages she was proficient. Her place of business, "The Glue Pot," seems to have become a kind of literary centre in Edinburgh, and also a place whence the poor were not sent empty away.

Children also made the discovery that she was a friend worth knowing. Upon condition that they did not come oftener than once a week, and that they left pleasantly when she told them, she was prepared to tell or to weave for them fairy and giant stories without end. One day a little fellow broke the law of not coming oftener than once a week. It was evidently, however, an exceptional case, for, before he was fairly in at the door, he cried out, "Please tell me how the prince got down from that tree." "Th't tree," she repeated, manifestly trying to hark back upon the invention of yesterday. "Yes, Miss Dunlop," said her little friend; "don't you remember how the giant tore all the branches off the very high tree, except the one that hung over the valley filled with snakes?" "Oh yes," she said, picking up the thread of the story; "I mind now. The giant put the prince upon the branch, and there was a 'rampin' lion that never slept, watching at the foot of the tree. We had just got that length when somebody came in and you had to go away. Well, it would be a shame to keep the poor prince for a whole week 'stride-legs' on such a tree."

How that prince got off the tree we never learned.

It is a very great pity that Miss Dunlop did not commit to writing any traditional *märchen* she may have known. She had one concluding formula which the Reformation might have been expected to obliterate.

And when it pleasit God of his micht,
They all departed to Heaven's licht;
To which bring us the Trinity.
Amen, amen, so let it be;

the narrator and the audience being expected to cross themselves at the end. Miss Dunlop was a great wanderer in the Old Town among the condemned houses, where she and her elder brother occasionally found carved oak and marble under coats of paint and whitewash. She kept a commonplace-book of Edinburgh notes and traditions; but it is undecipherable. Part of her knowledge she published in *The Book of Old Edinburgh*, and in *Anent Old Edinburgh* certain articles of hers are reprinted from the *Scotsman*. The most interesting of them deal with Stockbridge, the ancient village of Dean, and the Baxter's or Bak's and other corporations. They are full of the quaintness, kindness, and leisure of a more quiet age, when everything was not machine-made; when Talus, the Iron Man of fable, was not doing all the work cheaply, quickly, and abominably badly; when there was room for most of the population, and the patriotic ardour of the False Alarm had not yet died away. The essays are, as a rule, excellently written, pious in a good sense of the word, noble, and melancholy. Perhaps they are somewhat influenced, but not obtrusively nor unpleasantly, by the style of Miss Dunlop's great friend, Dr. John Brown. The pieces in verse are of little merit, in spite of Dr. Brown's praises; he never could be critical about the work of a friend. But it seems that Miss Dunlop was aware of and not deceived by this virtuous failing in the author of *Rab and his Friends*. Here is a characteristic anecdote of an old preacher who prayed for George III. when our rightful King and his Highlanders were in Edinburgh:—

Neil M'Vicar invariably wore a "black summet cowl cap" while preaching, always doffing it reverently during prayer. This fashion of cowl or skull cap was not uncommon amongst ecclesiastics and scholarly men from the time of George Buchanan, and even earlier, down to the eighteenth century, but latterly it must have become somewhat of a noisome in the West Kirk pulpit, for long before the sermon was finished, so insufficient were the walls and roof that the minister's head-gear was covered with a "thin glaister o' sifted snow!" This story was told to throw into contrast the luxurious comfort and warmth of the present church, then in its comparative youth, and doubtless at the same time to expose that ever-increasing and contemptible effeminacy which, in the eyes of all Spartan seniors, is the undying attribute of every younger generation, albeit that any means of heating churches, except by that of a crowded congregation, were still unknown.

Miss Dunlop's book is a perfect "Glue Pot" of historical *bric-à-brac*, only less rich and precious than Mr. Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*. But the most original and charming thing in the

volume is found in the concluding papers on Yarrow and the college life of Edinburgh, as they were in Mungo Park's time, while Dunbar was Professor of Greek, and the Town Guard, hated by Fergusson, still used their Lochaber axes over-freely in town and gown rows. It is not easy to quote from this excellent study, where all is harmonious, and the Lowland Scotch is so pure. Miss Dunlop's book should be read by every one who has seen, or intends to see, Old Edinburgh; and all who read it will regret that it is so brief. The close of her own life may be briefly told. She and her brother retired from business and planned a tour, or rather a travel—not in Europe only, but in Africa and the East. She had also proposed to edit her mother's reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott; and we regret to say that she conceived it to be her duty to utter a counterblast against "what she esteemed the modern idolatry of John Graham of Claverhouse." But who has been making an idol of Bonny Dundee? None of these designs were to be accomplished. A terrible disease declared itself; and, after a heroic endurance, she died on the 3rd December, 1888. Readers who find that they have made a new friend in Miss Dunlop will trust that her reminiscences of Scott, at least, will not be left unedited.

in sole charge of a bogus skipper. Mr. Knight's story is brightly written, and full of the entertainment schoolboys never tire of. Planned somewhat on the lines of *Masterman Ready* is *The Wreck of the "Argo,"* by F. G. Fowell (Ward & Downey). The wreck, the island, the home that was defended by a stockade, the attack by savages from a neighbouring island, and the timely delivery of the family—Seymour the name, not Seagrave—by an English vessel, are incidents common to many stories for boys. But the book is a good one in its class, and the interpolated yarns are excellent. The four boys and the parents manage, however, to get through an impossible amount of work in a few months. Mr. Silas Hocking's *Tregeagle's Head* (Warne & Co.) is a Cornish story of an intensely romantic cast. It deals with the strange disappearance of a young man, and the trial of his friend, who is charged with having murdered him. What is known as "piling up the agony" is a device very effectively employed by Mr. Hocking. The interest of a thrilling narrative is cleverly sustained at fever-heat to the end. Mr. G. T. Bettany's *Conquerors of the World* (Warne) and *The Teeming Millions of the East* (Warne) are popular accounts of the various peoples of Europe and Asia, illustrated by numerous woodcuts of a rude or graphic kind. The story of the life of the heroic Bishop Hannington is admirably re-told for young people by his biographer, the Rev. E. C. Dawson, under the title *Lion-Hearted* (Seeley & Co.). With the text are given reproductions of the Bishop's pen-and-ink sketches and samples of his "nonsense" verses, which are alike full of pleasantness.

Life in the Cheddar district a century ago is vividly depicted by Miss Charlotte Yonge in *The Cunning Woman's Grandson* (National Society), a story that sets forth the ignorance and savagery of the agricultural population in the good old times when Sedgemoor was yet a vivid memory, and faith in "King Monmouth's" return not quite extinct. Miss Yonge's story is skilfully told, with excellent application of local colour, and an interesting development of plot. We have glimpses of William Wilberforce and Cowslip Green and Miss Patty More; but of the redoubtable Miss Hannah report only speaks. The account of their philanthropic work in Somerset is dexterously interwoven in the story of the wise woman, Granny Lake, and her grandson. Miss Doudney's "Story of a Sanctuary," *Where the Dew Falls in London* (Nisbet & Co.), is a charming story, originally published last year, and, now appearing in book-form, will doubtless gain many more readers. For small boys and girls we have a collection of excellent short tales, entitled rather superfluously *Stories Jolly, Stories New: Stories Strange, and Stories True* (Skeffington & Son). When such practised hands combine as Mr. Ballantyne, Miss Corkran, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Molesworth, Mr. Baring-Gould, Mr. H. C. Adams—to name a few of the contributors—there is no occasion to sample or compare samples. Mr. James E. Arnold attempts to mingle amusement and instruction in a story of fairy-land—*The Seven Golden Keys* (Blackie & Sons)—and succeeds by dint of not forcing an excellent didactic purpose. The adventures of Hilda in the country of magic are prettily described. Wisdom and goodness must have smiled benignantly on the birth of the child-heroine of Miss Everett-Green's story, *Miriam's Ambition* (Blackie & Sons). She is a prodigy among "old-fashioned" children, and her conversation is at times wonderful, if not soothing. Little "Babs," her sister, is more to our liking. She utters her good things unconsciously, as a child invariably does, and is altogether a diverting chit. *The House of Surprises* (Hatchards) is one of Mrs. Meade's charming stories of children and their ways, so true to nature in the minutest particular as to deserve to be called studies, yet delightfully free from any trace of labour. Mr. Jackson Wray's *Geoffrey Hallam* (Nisbet & Co.) is a brief but forcibly written sketch of a Yorkshire parish clerk who became "converted," and was near losing his post through his Methodism, but was found too useful a man by his Vicar.

Of the rich assortment of picture-books for the young, made up of stories, nursery rhymes, fairy tales, and so forth, the prettiest of all is *Kate Greenaway's Book of Games* (Routledge & Sons). Miss Greenaway never hit on a happier subject for her graceful and exquisite art than this, nor has the artist illustrated one with greater sympathy or charm. These quaint and beautiful designs are admirably reproduced in colour by Mr. Edmund Evans. The games they illustrate are the good old sports not yet altogether forgotten. Here are the daintiest little figures, frocked and capped and sashed, as we all love to see them, playing at "Queen Anne and her Maids" in an old walled garden, or at "Mary's gone a-Milking," or "Blind Man's Buff," "Mulberry Bush," "Frog in the Middle," and other pleasant pastimes. Altogether, the most pleasurable book of diversions that children could possess. From Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh we have a welcome set of old fairy stories, &c., "the Old Corner series," with pretty pictures, *Cinderella, Puss in Boots, The Fairy Alphabet, Peter Piper, A, Apple Pie, Little Red Ridinghood*; also the *Newbery Toybooks, The Book of Playmates, and the Book of Bow-Wows; Sing Me a Song*, verses by E. Oxenford, music by H. Scott Gatty, pictures by E. Welby, Linnie Watt, and others, a fascinating conjunction of attractions; *The Baby's Museum*, a treasury of nursery rhymes and coloured pictures that recall the best period of children's books; and *A Ring of Rhymes*, by E. L. Shute, a similar collection of rhymes with charming illustrations in colour. From the same publishers we have *Granny's Story Book*, with delightful drawings in colour of children, animals, and flowers by Mrs. Seymour Lucas, and others in black and white, not less marked

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

WE have, as usual, received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons a beautiful collection of Christmas cards, the designs of which are, if possible, even happier than those of last year. The butterfly with eight wings, instead of two, all prettily illustrated; the strawberry, which discloses a leaf and beetle when opened, are amongst the most original of the folding cards. Then there are pretty landscapes in the now fashionable white frames, cats in hampers, cats at the opera, a cat's wedding, Robin Redbreasts in various forms. Perhaps the quaintest of the animal designs is (523), representing three puppies. One is, with its hind legs balanced on its two companions' heads, trying to reach a goose on the top shelf of the larder. There are some pretty frosted cards representing country houses, lighted up within; snow and waits without. There is also a very nice owl, which, when opened, is bidding a "Jolly Christmas" to two owlets. The water-lily discloses treasures of words, landscapes, and figures inside it. Then we have six etchings by S. Myers, called "Gems of River Scenery," which are very prettily executed; a booklet illustrating Ingoldsby's legend of "The Jack-daw of Rheims" is also attractive.

Messrs. Bemrose & Sons have contributed some of their usually useful and pretty calendars, amongst which are the "Proverbial Calendar," the "Scripture Calendar," and the "Daily Calendar."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

EMPHATICALLY a book of marvels and a marvellous book is *The Conquest of the Moon*, by André Laurie (Sampson Low & Co.), a book sufficient in itself to make memorable the season, a "white book" for wonder-loving readers, a story that rivals the most ingenious conceptions of Edgar Poe and M. Jules Verne. Those writers are, indeed, suggested by the central idea of the romance, the exploitation of the moon by a young astronomer and his friends; but the scheme and its execution are entirely novel, the author's audacity and inventive power no whit inferior, and the persuasive realism with which he invests his narrative is decidedly superior. The author reverses the old process. He brings the moon to earth, while in Poe's humorous tale and M. Jules Verne's exciting story, the adventurer voyages to the moon. The delightful notion of drawing the moon to earth by magnetic attraction is worked out with exceeding cleverness. The climax, descriptive of the actual impact of the satellite on the peak of Tebali, is a masterpiece of grandiose phantasy. The transformation of the Soudanese mountain into a vast natural magnet, insulated by a mass of glass manufactured by solar heat condensers and furnaces, is most ingeniously conceived. Indeed, nothing could be better imagined than the entire scheme by which the magnetized mountain is torn away from the earth with the astronomer and his party and annexed to the moon. This tremendous cataclysm occurs while the mountain and observatory are besieged by the Mahdi's forces, and the earth is full of portents like the air. But the admirable quality of the story is its speciousness. Amazing things are done in the moon, and the effect is always to persuade, to fascinate, and to delight, never for a moment to arouse incredulity or that fatal spirit of too-curious inquiry which romancers do most fear. *Jack Trevor, R.N.*, by Arthur Lee Knight (Warne & Co.), is a rousing story of life afloat; the hero a runaway schoolboy, who falls into the hands of smugglers, who carry him to sea, are chased by a revenue cutter, and turn pirates. A capital incident in the long succession of adventures is the escape of Jack, and his rescue by a man-of-war, which overhauls the smugglers' craft, and finds it

by grace and fancy. The stories, too, are of the right kind, easy, colloquial, and simple in style. Among annual volumes we have *The Quiver* (Cassell & Co.), full of excellent and varied reading, well illustrated; *Harper's Young People* (Sampson Low & Co.), with attractions that defy enumeration; *Our Darlings*, edited by Dr. Barnardo (Shaw & Co.), and *The Day of Days Annual* ("Home Words" Office). We have also to acknowledge a new edition of *The Caged Linnet*, by Mrs. Stanley Leathes (Shaw & Co.); *Our Sunday Book of Reading and Pictures* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Somebody's Darling*, a pretty story, with pretty illustrations, by Mrs. Shaw (Shaw & Co.); and *Japanese Jingles*, written and illustrated by Kathleen Lucas (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), the designs of which are much superior to the verses.

Holly Leaves, the Christmas number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, deals as usual with the things of the season in letterpress and in illustrations. "Ducklings," after Sir J. E. Millais's picture, is a good example of the prints in colour that accompany most Christmas numbers. In black and white Mr. S. T. Dadd, with an effective duelling scene; Miss Kate Greenaway, Mr. Davidson Knowles, Mr. F. Barnard—whose ycle puzzling over a sundial by the light of a lanthorn is excellent—and Mr. John Sturgess, with a spirited scene on the road by night in the coaching days, all contribute to the pictorial section of an attractive number. "Our Captious Critic" puts forth a plaint concerning pantomimes, with sketches by Mr. Bryan, with which we sincerely sympathize; and there are short stories and sketches, suited to all tastes, by Mr. W. W. Fenn, Edith Cuthell, Finch Mason, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes, John Hollingshead, W. H. Pollock, Alfred Watson, F. W. Robinson, and others. The stories are of ghosts, the drama, sport, and other cheerful themes. Mr. Finch Mason's "Got At," a wonderful "trainer's story," tells of an adventurous actress who made a very good thing out of a certain "trial" she witnessed, under the guise of a harmless old lady, which enabled her to spot the Derby winner in a certain dark horse. Mr. Alfred Watson illustrates afresh "the biter bit" in "Making the Running," and shows how the "running" may be made with unexpected energy. Circus life as it is, not as it is supposed to be by certain philanthropists, is the theme of Mr. Walter Pollock's "King Zub," the hero of which is a very gifted dog, who takes to bad courses out of sheer sympathy with his master. The ghost stories by Colonel Garland Matthews and Mrs. Cuthell are decidedly novel. The latter writer "explains" the mystery; but the explanation is so ingenious we are appeased, and do not resent what is becoming a worse than superfluous proceeding.

Messrs. Sockl & Nathan forward samples of their Christmas booklets and cards. Of the former we note as particularly pleasing Longfellow's *Flowers*, illustrated floral designs and vignettes, by Ada Hanbury and Cloët Brown; *Fairy Fine-Ear's Fancies*, by Helen Burnside, with pretty drawings in colour by Jessie Watkins, and *The Star Shower*, &c., by the late Miss F. R. Havergal, with pictures in monochrome. The novelties in the Christmas cards ought to be first favourites this season. They comprise "Society Portraits" and "autograph cards" of "Our Popular Actors and Actresses," both sets after water-colour drawings by Mr. F. Sargent. The portraits, for the most part, are excellent, both as to colour and likeness; the autographs of Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, and others, are facsimiles, accompanied by capital drawings in character, and include dramatic quotations and signatures.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE delightful lady who has been sent by a kindly Providence to leave a literature pervaded by the doubtless eminent, but not refreshing, talent of M. Edouard Rod and M. Paul Bourget, has a habit of reprinting her productions in rather puzzling form (1). No one of that fair herd, her admirers, can have forgotten the immortal scene in which Xaintrailles—a very nice person, but not so moral as he should be, and not quite so courageous as his ancestor—makes that astonishing appearance in the virgin chamber of Mademoiselle Eve—Chevalier Eve—is romantically protected by her at the imminent peril of her own reputation, and even happiness, and shows a shockingly white feather in the matter of dropping from windows. But, unless we mistake, the scene was not originally presented or represented in the same concatenation. And, whether it was or no, "Gyp" has now added the *revue* for marionnettes, entitled *Tout à l'égout*, "which so did please all Paris and its Jules" last January. The juxtaposition is agreeable, for the noble figure of Eve (by the way, was Moray quite the man for her? We prefer the Duke in the old version), even when relieved by Xaintrailles & Co., including the little wretch Loulou, is almost painful in this time of ours—there is an unpleasant suggestion of *intabescantque relata* about it. These fine feelings need not occur to the reader of *Tout à l'égout*, which is delightful, but by no means heroic. Moïse, the incarnation of the *Ewigjüdische*, "étudiant l'art de gouverner les beubles bar leurs bassons," and Stendhal, and "Claude Larcher," and M. Rochefort, and M. Drumont, and M. Floquet, and the General (alas! poor ghost!), and "le jeune décadent," who suffers, but as to the reason of his suffering, "Je n'en sais rien, ni lui non plus," and all the rest, never cease to be

(1) *Mademoiselle Eve*. Par Gyp. Neuvième édition. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

amusing, as they are reviewed by no less a person than Venus herself—a Venus Boulangiste (*c'est là son seul défaut*), a Venus just a little wanting in sentiment ("*c'est là son seul autre défaut*," as somebody might say), but *bonne fille* all through.

Count d'Hérisson's peculiar style of writing Reminiscences is now so well known, and so not undeservedly popular, that little direct notice of any new book of his is required. The process (and it is a "process" almost as definite as a process in the arts and crafts) consists in taking a modicum of personal experience, whereof for more than thirty years past the Count has had much; throwing in a good deal of *publica materias*, tossed up again cunningly enough; and seasoning the whole with not too much pretty shrewd discussion and a strong pinch of somewhat ill-natured personal remark. It makes a very readable dish, a very eatable piece of bookmaking. In the present volume (2) the personal reminiscence, by the aid of diaries, seems to be rather fuller than usual.

In *Certains* (3) the author of the *locus classicus* as to the way in which calves make their first appearance on any stage appears as a critic of art dealing with MM. Degas, Rops, "Wisthler," G. Moreau, Chéret, &c. One at least of the names we have mentioned (and that of not the least gifted artist) will suggest that the book is not a Christmas present for young ladies. M. Huysmans begins by laying it down that eclecticism and catholicity are anathema. "L'on ne peut pas sincèrement s'extasier devant Delacroix si l'on admire Bastien Lepage." Well, it depends very much on who "l'on" is; and upon the powers of appreciation with which he has been gifted. And it so happens that we who talk (sogently) to M. Huysmans can do these very two things most sincerely. But what we admit that we cannot sincerely extasiate ourselves before or admire is M. Huysmans's idea of style:—"Encenser en des portuaires phrases les vaches à lait académiques des vieux prix." "On ne peut se figurer que ce grillage infundibuliforme soit achevé." And across the waves of Styx we hear another "certain," a Limousin scholar, after waiting for his mate through the ages, cry to H. Huysmans, "Come with fratern morigeration! come, that round thy incurvicerf form I may contort my salutationiferous braches, and with Mimallonian bombs sound the taratantara of triumph to thy majesty of style!"

M. Charvériat (4) was a young professor who died last year, aged thirty-four, in Algeria. His posthumous remarks on the Kabyle districts are worth reading, and contain a good deal of careful information.

M. Jules Simon's academic discourses (5) have a certain merit of style which is not possessed in the same degree by more than three or four other living Frenchmen, and they are always welcome when collected—especially as there is usually (and in this case) added a new and interesting preface. The three men who are here discussed are curiously different. Michelet was one of the greatest writers of France; Mignet an excellent scholar, a judicious historian, and a writer, if not of great attraction or vigour, yet admirable in his kind. As for the third person, we are unable to rank him higher than as a mere book-maker, tolerably consistent, and not wholly unconscious in presenting history according to the views of his political party.

A new edition of the late M. Guadet's *Girondins* (6) deserves mention. The author, a nephew of Guadet the Girondin, who died at a considerable age some years ago, after passing the latter part of his life in charge of an institution for educating the blind, was earlier an historical scholar and *littérateur* of some distinction. He wrote the present book, which is good, partly to correct and supplement Lamartine's vaguenesses and errors.

M. Boris de Tannenberg's *Poésie castillane* (7) can only be chronicled here; it may, perhaps, be made the subject of special mention later. And such, for a different reason, must also be the intermediate fate of a new instalment of M. Vitu's always interesting *Mille et une nuits* (8). They have already reached the seven hundred and thirty-fourth night.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BEFORE Socialism was, there was the individual; and what Socialists term "individualism" was ever a tyranny, whether feudalism, or a strong centralized government, or rank slavery, characterized the age. Such are the articles of faith—a few of them, at least—of a vast number of persons who call themselves Socialists, or sympathize with modern Socialism. Precisely contrary is the view maintained by Mr. T. Mackay in his able and very timely social and economic sketch, *The English Poor* (John Murray). Mr. Mackay argues that Socialism is nothing new, and that the record of history reveals "the gradual and painful emancipation of the individual" from Socialistic tyranny. And the emancipation, so far from being complete at the present day, is, as Mr. Mackay completely demonstrates, threatened by

(2) *Journal de la campagne d'Italie*. Par le Comte d'Hérisson. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Certains*. Par J. K. Huysmans. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(4) *A travers la Kabylie*. Par F. Charvériat. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Mignet, Michelet, Henri Martin*. Par Jules Simon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Les Girondins*. Par J. Guadet. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Perrin.

(7) *La poésie castillane contemporaine*. Par Boris de Tannenberg. Paris: Perrin.

(8) *Les mille et une nuits de théâtre*. Par A. Vitu. Paris: Ollendorff.

fresh retrogression to the bondage of barbarous ages by the plausible panaceas of those who advocate State Socialism, by "Government interference with the mobility of property," and by much recent meddling and peddling legislation of the merely sentimental kind. Apart from Mr. Mackay's main thesis, the most valuable portion of his book is its defence of property, both as the product of individual thrift and as a social institution. Property and civilization, as Mr. Mackay shows, have progressed hand in hand, property being "a main condition of survival in civilized society." In a civilized state, with feudalism abolished, and freedom of the individual established, the "necessity of property," to use Mr. Mackay's phrase, and its unequal distribution, are facts that would need no enforcement if it were not for the active propaganda among the people of the sick fancies of Socialistic reformers. If there be a law of survival in these as in other matters, it is as idle to vapour concerning it as to use naughty words about the law of gravitation. But even more important to society than property itself are the "instincts which property engenders," and the true social problem of the day, Mr. Mackay insists, lies in the development of these instincts in the masses of the people. By "instincts of property" is meant, not the craving for confiscation, but habits of thrift, independence, and self-help which the sense of responsibility evolves. But while these may be developed in various ways—and there are "many roads by which the labouring classes may, to use the expressive phrase of Hallam, creep into freedom and property" (p. 173)—Mr. Mackay proceeds to show, nevertheless (p. 240, *et seq.*), that there are serious obstacles on these roads. On the other hand, the more complicated subject of insurance, being free from Government competition, as Mr. Mackay points out, has been dealt with by the working classes themselves to their own satisfaction and to their varying requirements. And here, again, as repeatedly throughout the book, the author emphasizes the lesson of State interference with individual action.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's volume of stories and sketches, *Foggerty's Fairy; and other Tales* (Routledge & Sons), possesses for playgoers a rather uncommon kind of interest, as it contains the original forms of some of the author's most popular dramatic writings, *The Sorcerer*, *The Wicked World*, and so forth. With the exception of the sketch entitled "Comedy and Tragedy," these stories were all written without any view to dramatization. That they are characterized by drollery and wayward invention is sufficiently obvious; yet no one, we think, will find they are as effective in the reading as on the stage. "Foggerty's Fairy" is an exception to this conclusion, and "Johnny Pounce" is a capital example of the short story, and full of dramatic suggestiveness. Perhaps the most disappointing of the set is the allegorical sketch, "The Wicked World," which appears thin and crude compared with the play developed from it.

The theatrical novel ought, in these days, to circulate in a wide circle of readers, granted that brightness of style and variety and vitality in its pictures of stage life distinguish it. These elements of popularity certainly exist in plenteous measure in Mr. John Coleman's "story of the modern stage," *The White Lady of Rosemount* (Hutchinson & Co.). Of incident there is good store, of sensation enough, and of movement and diversity of scene and action more than enough to make the story "go" briskly.

Somewhat akin to an artist's note-book, in which fleeting impressions are recorded, often with the warmth of inspiration that will not brook delay, is the volume of reflections, character sketches, musings and meditations, entitled *In Thoughtland and in Dreamland*, by Elsa D'Esterre Keeling (Fisher Unwin). These brief jottings, the briefer the more individual they are, are marked by a genuine flow of fancy, vivified by pathos and humour that are charming and at times decidedly refreshing. The sketches of servant-girls, of German life and character, of "Five Old Ladies," are delightfully crisp, bright, and neat in delineation. Now and again the book verges into what is known as table-talk, and herein the author is less felicitous. There is sound criticism as well as humour in the following illustration of the author's view of the unfitness for children of Mr. Browning's poetry:—"The Ride from Ghent to Aix" should not be found in books called "Poetry for the Young," and for why? "I cannot say it" the little girl said. "Say what? Bring your book to me." She brought it; and—her eyes filled with tears—pointed out this line,

Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit.

I took her on my lap. "Come, that isn't so hard; say it."

Rebuckled the cheap strap.

Two sweet solemn eyes were fixed on mine. "No, dear; that isn't quite right. Once more."

Rebuckled the sleek chap.

And so it goes on to "rebuckled the sleep trap"—and the child is bidden to take it slowly, and, with a great effort and a comma between every word, it came—

Rebuckled, the, cheek, strap—

"That's my dear child! Now go on—

Chained strapper the bit."

"This was too much for me"; and the unfortunate child gave up Mr. Browning.

To "Bohn's Standard Library" a new translation is added of the *Pensées—The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal* (G. Bell & Sons)—from the edition of M. Auguste Molinier, by Mr. C. Kegan Paul. *Priest and Puritan* (New York, &c.: Brentano's) is a readable little story with a good sketch of Methodist revivalism in New England. The healthy mind of the hero withstands the prolonged assaults of the sensational movement, the progress of which is forcibly presented. The result is satisfactory in the end, for the minister himself saw the error of his views, and gave up special revivals, because a happy time arrived when, as one of the body declared, "Every buddy's revived every time they go ter meeting."

Hard Hit! by Morris Gray (Hatchards), is a short and slight story of the fortunes of two young men, twin brothers, in the Crimean War, one of whom is shot through misadventure by a Zouave officer, who endeavours to force him to a duel, under the impression he is the object of the Zouave's jealousy. The incident is striking, yet the story is curiously unimpressive.

Some admirable examples of portraiture are to be noted in the November issue of *Dignitaries of the Church* (Hatchards), which comprises photographs of the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Limerick, and Canon Body, by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, with accompanying biographical sketches. No finer gallery of contemporary portraits is now publishing than Mr. Walker's.

We have received new editions of *The Faith and the Gospel*, by Arthur James Mason, B.D. (Rivingtons); Kingsley's *Hypatia*, the sixpenny reissue (Macmillan & Co.); *A Lonely Life*, by the Author of *Wise as a Serpent*, illustrated (Houlston & Co.); and Colonel Columb's poem, *The Cardinal Archbishop* (Allen & Co.).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

For CONTENTS see page 664*

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2 British Museum.	4 Duchy of Lancaster.
10 Secretary's Department of Post Office.	2 Record Office.
2 Local Government Board.	6 Probate Office.
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In addition to the above, 95 have passed into the DIPLOMATIC SERVICE, CONSULAR SERVICE, &c.

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Edinburgh, December 3, 1889.

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